Yours Truly

E. C. Gavitt.

CRUMBS

FROM

MY SADDLE BAGS

OR,

Reminiscences of Pioneer Life

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BY

REV. ELNATHAN CORRINGTON GAVITT,

Member of the Central Ohio Conference.

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PREFACE.

At the session of the Central Ohio Conference, at Lima, Ohio, September 17th, 1879, the following resolution offered by Rev. Leroy A. Belt, D. D., Presiding Elder of the Toledo District, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we request Rev. Elnathan C. Gavitt to preach a semi-Centennial sermon at the next session of the Conference; and that the appointment be made the order of the day at half-past ten o'clock on Friday of our session.

In compliance with this request, at the ensuing Conference, held at Van Wert, O., Sept. 8th, 1880, the author of these biographical sketches preached his semi-Centennial sermon in the presence of the

Bishop, members of the Conference, and a large and interested congregation. The sermon was so well received that the Conference requested its publication. Having also been frequently requested by the ministers and the laity of the Conferences to which I have belonged to furnish a more extended narrative of my life and labors as an itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio, Michigan and the Northwestern Territory, but having deferred this through modesty until this late period in my life, it has now been something more than an ordinary task. However, with a desire to gratify the wishes of my friends, I have gathered up the crumbs or material which has been accumulating for many years, and now present the result of my labor to the public in as complete a form as my circumstances will admit, and trust this work may be read with a degree of interest by some, if not all.

And I now most respectfully submit this volume of biographical sketches and reminiscences of pioneer life to my brethren in the Central Ohio Confer-

ence, and others who have been more or less acquainted with me and my long continued ministry for more than sixty years.

ELNATHAN CORRINGTON GAVITT,

Member of the Central Ohio Conference.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THERE are but few ministers now living who have been more minutely identified with the rise and prosperity of Northwestern Ohio, the Maumee Valley, and the Michigan Territory, than myself—it now being more than half a century since I first entered this new and uncultivated field of labor, when Michigan was a Territory, the Northwest a wilderness, and Methodism in its infancy. I have some knowledge of what was required of the pioneer clergy when there were no well defined roads in passing from one settlement to another, being required to follow Indian trails or blazed trees along the routes made by Indian warfare. There was not a bridge or a ferry over any of the large streams between Upper Sandusky and Detroit, and all these rivers had to be crossed by swimming, or occasionally getting an Indian to take us across some of the larger streams in his canoe, when we had the means to pay for the luxury of not getting wet or immersing our saddle-bags, which contained our library and wardrobe.

However, we were not always sure of a safe passage. On one occasion I proposed to pay an Indian one dollar, providing he would take me across the Huron river, in Michigan, without emptying me into the stream or drowning my horse. He smiled at the idea, and said, "I take you safely over much, or you pay me no money." The horse was led into the river to swim along-side of the canoe, and all went well until we reached about the middle of the stream, when my horse took it into his head riding would be more convenient than swimming. Making a desperate effort to come on board, he knocked the poor Indian overboard, and I found myself hanging on the stern of the canoe, my clothes and books well saturated with water. The Indian being a good swimmer, our craft was soon righted up and all on board, and my horse standing on the opposite side of the stream waiting my arrival. Suffice it to say, there was no deduction in the fare, and I was thankful the Indian had embarked without his tomahawk or scalping knife, or I could not say what might have happened, as he was much enraged, and the morals of my pony were somewhat affected by the profanity which he received from the Indian in his broken French and English.

CHAPTER II.

PIONEERS OF THE WEST.

MUCH has been said and written upon this subject by orators, poets and historians. However, I propose to speak from my own personal observations, instead of historical productions. The early settlement of Michigan and Northwestern Ohio was not commenced without trials, difficulties and deprivations. The early emigrants, penetrating an unbroken wilderness without roads, bridges or ferries, were exposed to the wild beasts of the forest and the savage barbarities of an uncivilized race. But, regardless of all these difficulties, nobly did they go forth to fell the forest and clear the way for those who should follow. And it is with pleasure I refer to the noble spirit and the genial hospitality manifested among these pioneers, and their readiness to minister to the sick or those who were in more limited circumstances than themselves.

I refer especially to their social gatherings, the log-rolling, house-raising and corn-husking, where work was dispatched with a will and good feelings

prevailed. Meanwhile their noble wives and daughters at the house preparing the simple repast; and when the work of the day was ended, at the sound of the horn all assembled and seated themselves around the long puncheon table and partook of their deer or bear meat, corn bread or hominy, and as a substitute for tea or coffee, some parched corn meal, spice bush bark or sassafras, well sweetened with maple sugar or wild honey. Supper being ended, they spent an hour or two in recounting the incidents of pioneer life, their adventures with bears, wolves, or Indian depredations; or some marvelous tale as to the large hollow sycamore tree which they had discovered during their hunting expeditions, so full of bears, coons and other wild animals that every time they breathed the tree would open and shut; or something still more wonderful to amuse the crowd and excite laughter, or perhaps instead of this, clearing away the table and seating themselves around the room upon their few splint-bottom chairs, stools or benches, they would listen to a sermon from some pioneer itinerant minister passing through the country hunting up these new settlements, and preaching the gospel to his strange hearers.

PLEASANT REFLECTIONS.

When I contemplate the past, I must say these were among the brightest days, and the most enjoy-

able privileges of my early itinerancy. It is true, a minister's salary was small, but his temporal wants were few, and he learned to economize and live within his means. The small compensation which was at that day allowed was easily raised, as the members of the church were required to pay only twenty-five cents each as quarterage, which would be but one dollar a year. Some, however, were too poor to pay even this; and all were cheerfully exonerated, providing they kept on hand a good supply of yellow-legged chickens.

At these rural homes the writer was always made welcome and his message kindly received, and nowhere has the Gospel been more cordially embraced or more duly appreciated than by the inhabitants of these newly settled communities. Many of these honored ones have long since passed away, and the voice of prayer and praise is no longer heard from them in their wilderness homes. Their mortal bodies have mingled with the dust of these beautiful valleys, and their immortal spirits have ascended to a brighter sphere and a more genial clime. Peace be to their honored memories.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

PREPARING this work as a Methodist minister for publication, it is reasonable to suppose that the author would refer to the early history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, regardless of all other historical productions, however elaborate or otherwise. Mr. Wesley's first visit to America, in 1735, as a missionary to Georgia, was not as promising as he could have wished, and yet it was by no means a failure. In the order of Divine Providence, he was led to establish an institution of biblical instruction, the influence of which was to extend to the whole civilized world.

It has been supposed the institution of the Sabbath schools originated with Robert Raikes in 1784; and hence he has been considered the father and founder of this scheme. Without detracting from his merits, which were eminent, we are disposed to show that a Sabbath school had been established in Savannah, Georgia, more than fifty years before the one established by Robert Raikes in Gloucester, England.

Among those who accompanied General Oglethorpe on his second voyage to Georgia were Revs. John and Charles Wesley, and in company with them Mr. B. Ingham and Charles Delamotte. They came to Georgia for the double purpose of advancing the spiritual interest of the colony and the conversion of the Indians of Georgia.

Mr. Delamotte was not a clergyman, but a well educated layman, who, in company with John Wesley, established a school of some thirty or forty children at Savannah, and the following account of their week day and Sunday instruction is taken from a letter written by Mr. Wesley, and was sent by Mr. Ingraham on the 26th day of January, 1737, to the associates of Rev. Dr. Bray, in London, who had sent a parochial library to Savannah. "The young gentleman," says Mr. Wesley, "who came with me, teaches between thirty and forty children to read, write, and cast accounts, before school in the morning; and after school in the afternoon he catechises the lower class, and endeavors to fix some things in their minds and understandings. In the evening he instructs the larger children. On Saturday in the afternoon I catechise them all. The same I do on Sunday before the evening service, and in the Church immediately after the second lesson." Another letter gives the same account of this school and the manner of conducting it by Mr. Delamotte. Before public

worship in the afternoon of the Lord's day he catechises the lower class, and endeavors to impress upon their minds what was said by the minister, and in the morning he instructs the larger children before entering the public worship. This was certainly a *prototype* of a modern Sabbath School.

When Mr. Wesley returned to England Mr. Delamotte remained, and on the arrival of Whitfield in May, 1737, received him at the parsonage and welcomed him to Georgia. In the ship in which Mr. Whitfield came, the "Whittaker," Mr. Delamotte returned to England, and such was the esteem of the inhabitants of Savannah they accompanied him to the water side to bid him adieu and speed him with their heartfelt wishes.

More than one hundred and fifty years ago the newly settled village of Savannah, then hardly known beyond its own limits, was blessed with a good Sabbath School, and a competent superintendent and teacher. The benign influence of this first school, established either in Europe or America, has not only been felt by the inhabitants of Savannah, but has spread far and wide over the civilized world.

It has accomplished much in all Protestant and Christian nations, in the conversion and salvation of the young, and under the present economy of the Church will continue to mold the hearts and minds of the youth and rising generation.

The little leaven which was made a saving power in John Wesley's time has grown into large dimensions and become a strong arm of power for the advancement of God's kingdom. The Chautauqua, Lakeside, and other moral and religious institutions, will bear decided evidence of the vital importance of Sabbath School instruction. The hundreds and thousands who have been awakened and converted through this instrumentality will have much to do in the perpetuation of the Church. The first Sabbath School under Robert Raikes' plan in America was established in New York in 1815. But this was conducted more like a day school than anything else. It lacked the moral and religious influence of a well conducted Sabbath School on the Lord's day. Lessons in reading and writing are appropriate in their place. The object of a Sunday School should be to impress the youthful mind with God's holy word, and when this is indelibly stamped upon the heart and mind in youth, it is not easily effaced in old age. After a period of sixty years the Bible truths committed to memory in the Sabbath School have been a help to me in my ministry, and I am still inclined to believe more good would be accomplished if children were encouraged to commit the Bible to memory.

CHAPTER IV

INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM IN AMERICA.

In 1760 Philip Embury, a Methodist local minister, with a few others of his own relatives, emigrated from Ireland and settled in the city of New York, and during the fall of 1765 Mr. Embury formed the first class and established the first Methodist Church in America.

This being composed of himself, wife, and Mrs. Barbary Heck. From this small beginning the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its aggressive work in the United States of America.

But like all other new church enterprises, it had to undergo the scrutiny and prejudice of other religious denominations of a much longer standing and with Calvinistic propensities. However, in the Providence of God, a better day and a brighter sun has dawned upon the Church, and Methodism is now admired for its liberal principles and for what it has accomplished during the last half century in the amelioration of human society and in spreading Scriptural holiness over this world. Methodism commenced its magnificent career in America under

the most unfavorable circumstances, without wealth, honor or position; its membership of the poorer class, and a ministry principally uneducated. It is true they were men of sterling worth and had faith in God. Their sermons were not studied manuscripts, but the eloquence of clear heads and warm hearts. They carried civilization in their saddle bags and prepared their sermons on horseback, and planted Methodism in the wilderness before the crack of the Indian's rifle had ceased or the light of his wigwam had expired.

Mr. Wesley never suggested a wiser plan in the economy of Methodism than the itinerancy, the policy of which was to introduce the Gospel into all lands and to all classes of human beings. And this grand and glorious system of the early itinerancy in the United States of America has had much to do in making the Methodist Episcopal Church what it is at this present day, with a membership not far from four million, according to the Church statistics, and under God is calculated to accomplish much more, until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V

FIRST METHODIST CONFERENCE IN AMERICA.

THE first Methodist Conference in America was held in Philadelphia, June, 1773, composed of the following members, with their severel charges:—

New York, Thomas Rankin; *Philadelphia*, George Shadford; *New Jersey*, John King and William Waters; *Baltimore*, Francis Asbury, Robert Strawbridge, Abraham Whitworth, Joseph Yearbrey and Richard Wright; *Pittsburg*, Robert Williams.

In 1774 the entire membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America only consisted of one thousand one hundred and sixty members. It appears from the minutes of this first Conference that the ministers were to change with each other every four or six months. The cause for such frequent changes is not stated. But let that be as it may, whether it was for the sake of a variety as to the ministry or membership, it produced an unfavorable impression, and the well established churches with their settled pastorate attributed the novelty of such a policy to the want of capacity to sustain themselves more than four or six months in

any charge. Hence it has been said the early itinerants had but few sermons, and one of these would last the minister a whole round on his circuit; and from this unfavorable impression the story was started of the brother who commenced at his first appointment with the text, "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever"—*Mark* i., 30, he having preached from these words all around on his charge. There were fears on the part of the membership the brother might continue to preach the same sermon on his second round. A good brother took the liberty of visiting his pastor; in so doing he asked the brother if he had heard the sad news. "What news?" said the preacher. "Peter's wife's mother is dead; and as there is some feeling in our neighborhood in consequence of this old Methodist sister's death, and Peter's propensity to deny everything, I have come to see if you would preach the funeral sermon of Peter's wife's mother next Sabbath at our place."

I remember a controversy in Conference at an early day in which it was stated if there were more stations and less large circuits we would have a much more intelligent ministry, as there was a superior excellency in the matter and manner of a stationed minister who has time to prepare his sermons. This statement appeared to have the effect of stirring the spirit of some of the older members of the Confer-

ence. And as this may be of some interest to my aged brethren who have in former days heard such animadversions, I will give the reply of an aged brother, which was so appropriate I recorded the substance of his remarks in my diary.

Said Mr. Griffith, of the Baltimore Conference: "I wish to say a few things which I feel it to be my duty as to myself and the aged ministry, and also in regard to the departed dead."

Allusion has been made to the style and preaching of our forefathers, and their preaching has been put in contrast with the splendid and popular style of the present day. He could not stand by and hear the memory of the dead so slightly spoken of. As to style, variety of matter, effect and power, there is no comparison at all in the preaching of the present age and that of the past. He felt that he was not in the midst of his generation. That race of his honored brethren had principally passed away. A few of his contemporaries were left standing, like the sturdy oak, to tell where once stood the mighty forest. And these were the men who entered the wild wilderness and planted Methodism broadcast among the early pioneers in their log cabins before many of you were born.

We are told these men had but thirty or forty stereotyped sermons, and this comprised their whole stock, and with these they trotted from place to

place to repeat them. If this was the case, how did they manage to set the world on fire? How did they accomplish the upheaving of society and revolutionizing the habits of the people? He belonged to the class of pioneer preachers, and he honestly said before God that, although he had traveled for forty years, he had never preached the same sermon twice. He had preached from the same text, but never preached twice the same sermon. The preachers of those days were men chosen of God, and they thundered and lightened, and shook the earth and the hearts of the people. He had seen the power of God manifested under their ministry, when five thousand rose to their feet at the eloquence and power of these preachers, and rushed forward and fell like men slain in battle. Stereotyped preachers we are told! They were men of intellectual power and real genius, sanctified of God, and one of them would shake twenty of your Doctors of Divinity as easily as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane in the morning sun. Talk about stereotyped preaching! Look at such men as Lee, Wells, McCaskey, Roszel, and more than fifty others I might mention. And who would wish to throw a cloud over their honored memory? The Church owes them a lasting debt of gratitude, which it will never be able to pay. He had traveled forty years, and when he first joined the Baltimore Conference it extended up the Susque-

hannah to the line of the State of New York, from thence to the Miami of Lake Erie, from thence to the headwaters of the Muskingum, thence down to the mouth of the Ohio, thence down the Ohio to Big Sandy, thence to the Alleghany Mountains, down to French Broad, thence to the Blue Ridge, thence to the Rappahannock, and thence to the Chesapeake Bay—*an Empire.* He had traveled circuits five hundred miles round, and had preached thirty times a week; and yet we are told these ministers had but little to do, only to ride around through the country visiting the people and preach their stereotyped sermons. Now I consider all such remarks unbecoming, both as to the living and the dead, and you must take them all back, or my father in heaven will not forgive you."

Perhaps there is not that respect paid to the aged ministry even at this day that there should be, in view of the hardships and the sacrifices which they have made in planting Methodism in Ohio when the country was new and the membership few and far between. May it never be said that the superanuated minister, his wife or children, have been neglected by the Church.

CHAPTER VI.

INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM IN OHIO.

METHODISM was first introduced in Ohio in 1791. This was before Ohio had become a State, and at this time was called the Northwestern Territory. Emigration had commenced, and the territory was rapidly filling up with a population from the Eastern States, so that in 1798 there were about five thousand inhabitants in the territory, and Ohio had become an important field for missionary or Methodist economy, and was included in a district of some five other appointments, the most of which were in Pennsylvania, and were presided over by Amos G. Thomson, presiding elder, and William McLenahan, missionary It is not to be supposed this brother was able to reach all the new settlements, but such appointments as were adjacent to the Ohio river, and the Pennsylvania line, as Pittsburg appears to have been the headquarters for the pastor and the presiding elder. Mr. McLenahan's ministry was not only acceptable, but quite successful, returning to Conference a membership of three hundred and fifty, which was a favorable beginning for such a new work, and noth-

ing short of the love of God and the good of souls could have prompted him at that early day to travel over such a new country principally inhabited with Indians and wild beasts, with but a scattered membership to provide for his temporal wants, which at best must have been of the plainest fare. But such was the grand and noble spirit of the early itinerancy which laid the foundation for the Methodist Episcopal Church in what is now the great State of Ohio.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST METHODIST CONFERENCE IN OHIO.

Ohio for many years had been supplied with ministers from the Eastern Conferences until the Western Conference had been formed in 1802, and was thereafter supplied from this Conference until the Ohio Conference was constituted in 1812, at Chillicothe. The Ohio Conference included a large and extensive territory, extending into Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, all of Kentucky, and a part of Indiana, with six districts. Supplied as follows:—

OHIO DISTRICT.—Jacob Young, Presiding Elder. *Shenango*, James Watts; *Erie*, John Graham; *Trumbull*, James M'Mahan; *Grand River*, John M'Mahan; andRobert Hatton; *Beaver*, Jacob Gorwell; *Barnsville*, Archibald McLlroy; *Cross Creek*, Abel Robinson and William Knox; *West Wheeling*, James B. Finley.

MUSKINGUM DISTRICT.—David Young, Presiding Elder. *Guyandotte*, Samuel Brown; *Letart Falls*, John Brown; *Little Kanawah*, Samuel West; *Fairfield*, William Lambden; *Zanesville*, John Clingan; *Knox*, Michael Ellis; *Tuscarawas*, John Sumerville; *Marietta*, Isaac Quinn and Joseph Spahr.

SCIOTO DISTRICT.—James Quinn, Presiding Elder. *Deer Creek*, Samuel Parker and Alexander Cummins; *Pickaway*, Moses Trader; *Delaware*, Daniel Davisson; *Paint Creek*, Isaac Pavey

and Thomas J. Crockwell; *Brush Creek*, Robert W. Finley; *Scioto*, Ralph Lotspeich; *Salt Creek*, Charles Waddee.

MIAMI DISTRICT.—Solomon Langden, Presiding Elder. *Cincinnati*, William Burke; *Little Miami*, Samuel Hellums; *Lawrenceburg*, William Dixon; *Mad River*, Joseph Tateman; *White Water*, John Strange; *Oxford*, Moses Crume; *Union*, Benjamin Lakin: *White Oak*, Walter Griffith and Reuben Rowe.

KENTUCKY DISTRICT.—John Sale, Presiding Elder. *Licking*, Thomas Hellums; *Lexington*, Willlam Pattison and Thomas D. Porter; *Hinkstone*, William M'Mahan; *Big Sandy*, Jonathan Stamper; *Little Sandy*, Marcus Lindsey; *Fleming*, Joseph Oglesby; *Limestone*, John Collins and Benjamin Rhoten.

SALT RIVER DISTRICT.—James Ward, Presiding Elder. *Danville*, Henry McDaniel; *Cumberland*, John Cord; *Madison*, Daniel Fraley; *Salt River*, Matthew Nelson and John Dew; *Jefferson*, Elijah McDaniel and Presley Morris; *Silver Creek*, Thomas Nelson; *Shelby*, Charles Holiday.

This was a year of unusual prosperity, returning to Conference a membership of 22,733 whites, 561 colored. Ohio is now divided into five Conferences—Ohio, Cincinnati, North Ohio, Central Ohio and East Ohio, with a membership of 176,295. Such has the march of the Church and the triumph of the Gospel from the day this Conference was organized in 1812 to 1883. It was the pleasure of God's ancient people to speak of what the Lord had done for them during the forty years of their journey through the wilderness. And who can help from admiring the spirit of our forefathers who sacrificed their property, their

lives and their all, for the good of their country, and the advancement of religion. Ancient Greece boasted of a Demosthenes, and of a Socrates; Rome delighted to tell the story of a Cæsar and a Cicero, and may we not speak with profound respect of such men as Thomas Coke, Francis Asbury, Richard Whatcoat, William McKendree, Enoch George, Robert R. Roberts, Joshua Soule, Elijah Hedding, James O. Andrew, John Emery, Beverly Waugh, Thomas A. Morris, Leonidas L. Hamline, Edmund S. Janes, Levi Scott, Matthew Simpson, Osmon C. Baker, Edward R. Ames, Francis Burns, Davis W Clark, Edward Thomson, Calvin Kingsley, John W. Roberts, Gilbert Haven, Jesse T. Peck, Erastus O. Haven. These were the leaders aud the honored bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who have finished their work, and have entered upon their reward on high. And it is with pleasure that I record their names and their noble worth, having been personally acquainted with all of them, save Thomas Coke and Richard Whatcoat.

And it is with pleasure that I call to mind the names of a few of the Ohio Conference of 1812, and one of whom signed my first license to preach. David Young, James B. Finley, Michael Ellis, James Quinn, Jacob Young, Charles Waddell, James McMahan, Samuel Parker, William Griffith, John Collins. These were precious brethren, and were virtually the *patriarchs of Methodism*, and always speak-

ing words of kindness and encouragement to the young itinerant commencing in the ministry. They were personal friends to me during their lifetime. But they, like others, have entered the better land. And I would not fail to speak words of kindness of my early associates in the Michigan Territory: Zarah Costen, Arza Brown, William T. Snow, Benjamin Cooper, George W Walker, Elias Pattee, John A. Baughman, but they are no more; and a long list of names of noble worth of departed ones with whom I labored, side by side, in the North Ohio Conference—precious brethren who laid down their lives for the good of others:

Thomas Barkdull, Samuel M. Beatty, Richard Biggs, John Blampied, William Boggs, Horatio Bradley, S. L. Yourtee, George W Breckenridge, John Brice, Jacob A. Brown, Jacob T. Caples, Wesley C. Clark, Henry C. Close, Daniel M. Conant, William Conant, John S. Cutler, James S. DeLeal, William B. Disbro, Hubart G. Dubois, R. P Duvall, James Elliott, Mansfield French, Patrick G. Goode, Leonard B. Gurley, John Hazzard, Leonard Hill, Ira M. Hickcock, Jacob M. Holmes, John S. Kalb, Daniel Lambert, Ebenezer Lendsey, William S. Lunt, Franklin Marriott, James M'Mahan, John Mitchell, James M. Morrow, John A. Mudge, W. Brock, David W Ocker, Hugh L. Parish, Thomas Parker, Adam Poe, John H. Power, Elnathan Raymond, William B.

Scannell, J. F. Kennedy, Silas D. Semore, Hiram M. Shaffer, Samuel P. Shaw, Henry O. Sheldon, Charles Thomas, Lafayette Ward, Philip Wareham, Jesse Warner, Lorenzo Warner, James Wheeler, Edward Williams, Thomas H. Wilson, P S. Donelson, Thomas Thompson, Bishop Edward Thomson, all of precious memory. Never did the moral or the political firmament glow with clearer colors. Never was the historian's page decorated with brighter gems than were exhibited in the lives and characters of those honored men who consecrated themselves to God and the interest of His cause, and laid down their lives for the good of others. And may the noble work wrought by these men grow in the future as in the past, until the influence of the Church and her ministry is felt in every land and upon every sea; and, like the rainbow above retiring clouds, may the Gospel with its saving influence reflect from one corner of the earth to the other the glories of a Millennial Sun.

CHAPTER VIII.

OHIO AND ITS COMMENCEMENT.

This being the standpoint from which I am to commence my reminiscences as to my life and labors, I propose to say a few things as to Ohio and its early settlement. This section of the country was claimed by both the French and the English Governments as early as in 1673, and the controversy between these two European powers as to the Northwestern Territory was not settled until the treaty at Paris in 1763. The independence of the United States having been secured by the treaty of 1783, and the Indian title to a large portion of the Territory of Ohio having been extinguished by the American Government, the first permanent colony was established at Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum river, in the spring of 1788, and a Territorial Government was organized in 1798. The Northwestern Territory was composed of eight organized counties, and at that time contained a population of five thousand free male inhabitants of full age. The ordinance of 1787 provided that when there were five thousand free males of full age in the Territory, the people should be authorized to elect representatives to a Territorial Leg-

islature. These, when chosen, were to nominate ten free-holders, and the President was to appoint five, who were to constitute the Legislative Council. The first meeting of the Territorial Legislature was appointed on the 16th day of September, 1799, but it was not till the 24th of the same month that the two houses were organized for business, and addressed by Governor St. Clair.

On the 30th day of April, 1802, Congress passed an act authorizing the call of a convention to form a State Constitution.

This convention assembled at Chillicothe on the first day of November, and on the 29th day of the same month a Constitution was ratified and signed by the members of this convention. This State Constitution, however, was never submitted to the people for their approval, but became the law of the State by the act of this convention, and Ohio became one of the States of the Federal Union.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIANS AND MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

Ohio at this early day was numerously inhabited with Indians who had not ceded their lands to the American Government. These were principally Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Munsies, Senecas, Delawares and Wyandottes. Some of these nations were unstable, and inclined to dispossess the rights of other nations, and were more or less on the war path. The majority, however, were quiet and peaceable, and much respected by the white people, who did quite an amount of trading with them in the purchase of their furs and wild fruit, such as cranberries, and other articles. These Indians were not all heathen; many of them had made a profession of religion. Prior to the Revolutionary war, Moravian missionary stations had been established among them, and even in Ohio, Heckewelder and Post had successful missionary stations upon the Muskingum river, and in Tuscarawas county, as early as 1762. And at one of these missionary stations in 1782 a party of Americans under the command of Colonel Williamson, in cold blood and with savage barbarity, murdered ninety-six of these

Christian Indians at Gnadenhutten, in Tuscarawas county, Ohio. The Moravian missionaries and their converts had settled upon the Muskingum river with the hopes of establishing a permanent settlement, where they could remain unmolested and free from all contending influences. The Delawares, among whom they had settled, had promised friendship, and that they themselves would receive the Gospel, stating, "we wish our children instructed in your way, for we cannot do this ourselves." This new settlement was now commenced, and was called Litchtennau, and in 1778 their congregations had increased until their membership at their different stations amounted to five hundred and fifty-six church members, who were in good standing. While these missionary stations were in a prosperous condition, these Christian ministers and their work received a fearful check in consequence of the war which had already commenced between Great Britain and the American colonies. However, as unfortunate as this was to them, the missionaries and their converts were determined to maintain strict neutrality, and were imitated by the Delaware chiefs. There were some tribes in the neighborhood not far from their settlement who had resolved on war, and were now enraged against the missionaries, stating that the Delawares would fight if it was not for their teachers; and these Indians, their enemies, attempted to destroy the mis-

sion and lead the converts away, and in this they were too successful. A party of apostates was formed even in Schoenbrunn, who were ready to imprison and murder all the missionaries at these stations. Every attempt was made to reclaim these apostates, but all in vain. It was considered best for all to unite in one settlement for mutual protection, as they were in danger of being attacked at any time. Soon after this a band of Hurons came to Litchtennan, headed by their chief called the Half King. But by meeting them with presents and provisions and giving them a kind reception, they conciliated these savages, so much so that they departed without doing them any harm. This alarm, however, caused the missionary at Gnadenhutten to flee to Pittsburg, from which place he soon went to Bethlehem. Two had previously left, and now only Mr. Zelesburger and Mr. Edwards remained. Gnadenhutten being more exposed than Litchtennau, it was thought best now to concentrate at that place. The Delawares proposing to maintain peace, the mission commenced once more to flourish, and the missionaries from Bethlehem came to their assistance, and some of the heathen party were disposed to listen to the story of the Cross. On one occasion, when the preacher arose to dismiss the congregation, an elderly Indian who appeared to be deeply concerned stated to the missionary: "We used to spend whole nights in

dancing and feasting, and were not much sleep; now let us spend one night in hearing more about this Great Spirit." As Litchtennau was well inhabited, Gnadenhutten was again settled. Schoenbrunn was rebuilt, not on the old site, but on the opposite side of the river, and was now called Salem. But this calm and peaceful rest from their enemies was but the forerunner of a more fearful storm. The Delawares now joined the English and became the bitter enemies to the Christian Indians. They had resolved in full council of all the head chiefs that the hatchet should fall on the heads of every one who refused to take it up. Soon after this the English Governor at Detroit became suspicious that the missionaries were partisans of the American government, and were now acting as spies to defeat their object. An agent was sent to the Iroquois, requesting them to take the Indian congregation and convey them away. However, they were unwilling to do this, and sent word to the Chippewas and Ottawas, "We deliver you the Indian congregation to make soup of." They replied: "We have no reason to do this." The same message was sent to the Half-King of the Hurons, who, being instigated by Captain Pipe, of the Delawares, finally accepted the proposition, and in April, 1781, more than three hundred savages, commanded by the Half-King, accompanied by Captain Pike, and headed by an English officer, marched to Litchtennau. At first

they appeared very friendly. It was not long, however, before they made their mission known. They now wanted the Indians to remove, and flattered them with a perfect paradise. But this they refused to do, which was now attributed to the influence of the Missionaries. The latter were then siezed and dragged away to their camps. Senseman was smitten down with a lance, and others of the missionaries hauled away by the hair of their heads, the savages saying, "we guess you go with us." Now stripping them of all their clothes, they sang the death song and confined them in a hut. The missionaries having been secured, they saw their enemies moving away, while they were left to their own sorrow. The feelings of the missionaries, seeing their wives and children captives, and not knowing what they might be required to suffer, can hardly be imagined. At the commencement of these disasters the conduct of the Christian Indians was much like that of the first Disciples; they fled and left their teachers. Arriving at the woods, they began to weep and mourn. Having partially recovered from the panic, they returned and used every means they could to relieve their distress, bringing them food, and blankets to lie upon at night, and taking them away early in the morning, lest they might be discovered. The savages having kept the missionaries confined for several days, and finding that the believing Indians would

not leave the settlement without their teachers, they were set at liberty, advising them, however, to remove as soon as possible. The brethren now returned to their flocks with shouts of joy, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with their brethren. However, in consultation, it was thought best under all circumstances to move and seek a resting place somewhere else. This was very trying to the missionaries to leave their beautiful fields, home and their herds of cattle and hogs and a rich harvest standing in the field, all of which was estimated at $15,000. But the greatest grief was the loss of their manuscripts, compiled with care for the history of their Church, which had been destroyed by fire. They started to commence a new settlement upon the Sandusky river, in 1781. After a tedious journey of several days they landed at their new home, without food or clothing, in the dense wilderness, to prepare for the approaching winter. They had hardly got well settled with a few lodges and temporary huts before two Delaware captains came with orders to convey the missionaries to Detroit. Being delayed for some time at that place for trial, they at last succeeded in convincing the Governor of their innocence, and were now permitted to return back to their flocks at Upper Sandusky. But this was only to witness the horrors of winter without food or raiment for themselves or their families. Impelled

by the severity of the famine, quite a number of their converts resolved to return to Gnadenhutten for provisions. They had heard that there was no danger, but in this they were sadly mistaken. Their former home became the theatre of a catastrophe which almost beggars human description. A party of Christian Indians, who had been taken with their missionary and conveyed to Pittsburg, on examination had been released by the Governor. This gave great offense to some of the miserable white persons who had been hunting the Indians as they would tigers. They now resolved on the destruction of those who had come to the settlement for the purpose of obtaining provisions for themselves and those whom they left behind. The Governor being apprised of this project, sent word to the Indians to escape. But this was too late. The conspirators first meeting young Schebosh, a son of one of the missionaries, in the woods near Gnadenhutten, fired and wounded him so he could not escape. He begged for his life, but they scalped and cut him in pieces. They then approached the Indians, who were on the plantation gathering corn, pretending to be their friends, assuring them they had nothing to fear from the Americans, and now offered to convey them to Pittsburg, where they would be protected and provided for, and would be out of the way of the English and savages. The Indians were ready to think

perhaps this would be for the best, cheerfully resigned themselves to the direction of these inhuman beings, giving up all of their arms, which they were assured they would receive again at Pittsburg. Many of the Indians being at Salem and at other settlements, the conspirators wished to see them. They were conducted by the converts, with whom on the way they offered prayers and affected to be very religious, singing songs and offering their devotions to the Great Spirit. Now having these poor Indians wholly in their power, they seized and bound them without any resistance. They then held a council, in which it was determined to murder them. Some, however, revolted, calling upon God to witness that they would take no part in such a wicked sacrifice. The majority, however, persisted; some were for burning, others for scalping. The latter, however, was determined upon, and one of their number was sent to inform the prisoners as Christians they must now prepare for death. They were led into a house which the murderers had designated as the slaughter pen, one room for the men and the other for the women; and there they were scalped and murdered in the most shocking manner; and it was admitted by some of these devils in human shape that these Indians were good Christians. They sang and prayed to the very last breath. Two boys had escaped, one out of the back window and the other had crawled into the cellar of the house when the women were

murdered; and he stated while he was lying there the blood of the innocent women and children ran down upon him in streams. And now these inhuman beings set fire to the Indian village and marched away with their scalps. The news of this massacre soon spread, and to describe the feelings of the missionaries and the grief of the Indian congregation at Upper Sandusky would be impossible; parents weeping for their children, wives for their husbands and children for their parents. But let it be remembered they wept not as those who have no hope. It has been credibly stated, while these Moravian converts were on their knees in prayer, committing their spirits to God, they were knocked in the head one by one with clubs and the butts of their guns. This was the massacre of 1782. Much has been said and written in regard to the burning of Colonel Crawford by the Delawares, near Upper Sandusky; but it must be remembered that Colonel Crawford was a participant in this affair, and had marched his army up on the Sandusky plains with the intention of wiping out the last vestige of these Moravian missions, principally composed of the Delaware Indians. Is there anything surprising in the manner in which they tortured him? How will the burning of Crawford by these Delaware Indians compare with Libby Prison, our brave and noble boys starving and dying by inches, and compelled to remain there by the *edict* of Jeff Davis and a Southern Confederacy?

CHAPTER X.

DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES.

In the early settlement of Ohio a large portion of the new territory was numerously infested with wild beasts, such as bears, wolves, panthers and other animals of less destructive propensities, but all more or less dangerous. The pioneer in his wilderness home was compelled to house all his young stock to prevent their being killed or carried away at night.

There was no animal of the forest more dreaded than the panther. They were sly and deceptive, and would spring upon their prey unawares, and no animal more dreaded even by the Indians in their wilderness state. The sound of the panther's voice at night was the tocsin of alarm and would set their camps or villages all in commotion, and there was no rest day or night until the fearful monster was despatched. It was no uncommon thing for the panther to creep along through the undergrowth of timber or the tall grass and pick up one of their small children that had wandered a short distance from the tent or wigwam, and carry it up into the top of some tall tree, and was only prevented from his human feast by the well-directed aim of the Indian's rifle, the life of the child being extinct.

And this was sometimes the sad occurrence even among white children. At an early day Mrs. Perry on a beautiful afternoon had wandered out along the hillside to gather some wild fruit, near what was called the black fork of the Mohickon. She having prepared a bed of leaves, had laid her child down to sleep while she was gathering her berries near by, unconscious of any danger. All at once she was aroused by the growl and screaching of a large panther, and turned around just in time to see her child dragged away by this frightful monster into the mouth of a cave beneath a large shelving rock, there to be devoured at will. Probably her own life was saved at the sacrifice of her infant babe.

These wild animals and their depredations were not uncommon even in my day, or in the early settlement of Ohio in Licking county. To exterminate or to diminish them a meeting was called at Granville, and during their deliberations this convention inaugurated what was called the Licking county dramatic hunt, including all who were disposed to engaged in the enterprise. The programme of operation was as follows: On the day appointed, which had been announced in all the churches and school districts, the male population of sufficient age were to assemble at what was called Silvanius Gideon's deadening, where suitable officers would be appointed for the day and the management of each

division. Prior to this a large tract of timber land had been surveyed and marked out by blazing the trees, and on these surveyed lines, which included the entire scope of country. Each line was to be well supplied with men and boys, some eight or ten rods apart, and all armed and equipped at 9 A. M., ready to start at the first sound of the signal. A cannon had been planted at the center of this tract of land to announce the order of the day, and this was to be fired precisely at 9 A. M. for all to commence marching, and at the same time driving all before them until they reached the inside line, which was about one-fourth of a mile from the center of operation, being as near as was considered safe in preventing accidents. On this inside line all were to remain until each division had reached the line—so as to prevent any escape. All the animals now being inclosed in this narrow space and well surrounded by men and boys, it was a wonderful sight; and Barnum's most extensive exhibit would be a small affair in comparison with the number and the variety of these animals, which consisted of hundreds if not thousands. All things now being in order, at 12 M. the cannon announced the time for the general attack all along the lines, and the excitement was past description; whooping and hollowing, a hundred or more tin horns in full blast, the constant firing and the roaring of the cannon, and every division

moving slowly towards the center, making a final finish of the last fowl or beast, until all had reached the center. And as the night was fast approaching, and those who were assigned with pack horses had deposited the principal part of the game near the cannon, the distribution now commenced. Every man and boy received his proportion as a trophy of the triumphs of the day, which had proved so successful. Three panthers had been killed, several bears, numerous wolves, and other animals too numerous to mention. The first of these hunts I had the pleasure of attending I was but a small lad, rode behind my father on the well-trained sorrel mare—my father riding in company with others inspecting the ranks and assisting in keeping the lines well closed. I was delighted seeing the wild animals passing along, pressing up on each line to find an opening where they might escape. I had entirely forgotten the wants of nature until the exciting scene had closed and my father said, "Now my son, we must start for home, as night is fast approaching;" and was reminded of the well-prepared lunch a prudent mother had stowed away in the saddle bags, lest her darling child might die of hunger.

Somewhat similar to these hunts was the destruction of the numerous reptiles inhabiting the hills and valleys of Licking county Large numbers of snakes might be seen on a spring morning along the road,

in the fields, gardens and meadows, and often committing their depredations upon man and beast. So numerous were these reptiles, that, turning up some of the rocks along the side hills during a summer morning, there would be found in their dens, all coiled up together, rattle snakes, black snakes, copper-heads, and other snakes. It appeared their liberal terms only required that of snakeship. For several years they had in Granville and vicinity their Friday hunts, choosing sides, and the one that was beaten, or killed the smallest number, had to pay three gallons of Gust. Munson's whisky, or enough to treat the crowd. And it has been stated that during the spring of 1808 there were more than 3,000 snakes killed within the incorporated village of Granville, Licking county, Ohio. So stated in early history.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF GRANVILLE.

This was the place of my nativity and the commencement of my ministry.

My father and mother were the honored parents of twelve children, all of whom have passed away save my brother Ezekiel S. Gavitt and myself. My parents were of revolutionary fame. They were born in Rhode Island, moved to Connecticut, and at last emigrated from East Granville, Massachusetts, and settled in Granville, Licking county, Ohio, in 1805. This place was first settled by a colony of some two hundred and fifty souls, who principally emigrated from East Granville, Massachusetts, and were called the Licking Company, one hundred and twenty of whom were the legal proprietors who purchased, in 1804, about 30,000 acres of land on what was called the Raccoon Bottom, or Cherry Valley.

Soon after this purchase William Gavitt and Elias Gillman started for the new country and the wilds of Ohio, for the purpose of selecting a suitable site for the town plat, erect a mill, and to provide, as far as possible, for the convenience and comfort of the members of this colony, who were expected to arrive

some time during the approaching summer or fall.

Emigrating to a new country in the far West, but partially settled, and inhabited with Indians, wild beasts, and almost entirely destitute of all moral and religious improvements, was by no means an ordinary undertaking. The members of this colony had been fifty days upon their journey, coming, as they did, all the way with ox teams. Arriving at their new home as the Sabbath approached, the first thing was to prepare for their religious devotions. They were of the Puritan faith, and had organized their church before they started; having all the peculiarities of their early church education, the Sabbath being observed with the greatest strictness—having no house for public worship, or even a log cabin for themselves, they now proposed worshiping in the field or the woods, as it was said of God's ancient people; and, to have some definite place for their assembling, they felled a large black-walnut tree standing near the Public Square, and around this and by its side they assembled on the 15th day of November, 1805, for their first devotional service. The novelty of worshiping in the woods, the wilderness extending for hundreds of miles around, the fact that winter was fast approaching, with no shelter to protect themselves against the threatening storms, their exposure to wild beasts and savage tribes, the thoughts of the past and the loved ones whom they

had left behind, perhaps never to see again, all of this made it a solemn and a trying occasion to them; and much more so than they had at first anticipated. When they commenced singing, their voices, echoing among the tree tops, sounded strange and quite different from the same familiar hymns in the beautiful temples in which they had formerly worshiped. It is said that many of them *wept aloud* when they remembered *Zion*, and strong hearts were moved to tears in this, their wilderness home. But not discouraged they confided in the promise of Him whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are opened to their cries.

Granville is six miles east of Newark, the countyseat, and the oldest village in the county, commencing with the colony of 1805, and would have been the countyseat in all probability, had it not been for some of its early misfortunes, such as the failure of the Granville Bank, one of the first chartered in the State. This disaster so affected the fortunes of many of the stockholders and paralyzed their energy and influence that a much less enterprising place reaped the advantages of their misfortunes. Previous to the establishing of the countyseat, it was supposed by many that Worthington would be the capital of Ohio, as this was near the center of the State, and Granville, being between this place and Zanesville, it would naturally make a large town, and a central

point for the countyseat. But with all its misfortunes, Granville has maintained its honored and respectable position, as one among the most romantic Yankee villages in the State, being adorned and beautified with hill and dale. The population are noted for their intelligence, morality and industry, and are well supplied with religious privileges and railroad advantages. Granville presents many attractions to the young and the aged as a quiet retreat, and for moral and literary attainments. Here is where I received my first lessons and early education in one of the best schools there was in the State, the Granville Academy, a large brick building standing at the base of the hill which is now adorned by the stately buildings of the Baptist College.

Though long years have passed away, and loved ones are gone since I left the rural home of childhood and youth, it is with honored respect I refer to the names of a few who helped to constitute this early colony: Elias Gillman, William Gavitt, Hugh Kelley, Elisha Gillman, Raswell Graves, Levi and Hiram Rose, Elhannah Lennel, Spencer Thomas, Timothy Spelman, Dennis Kelley, William Jones; Cotton, Alexander and William Thrall; Augustine Munson, Amos Carpenter; Timothy, Samuel, Heland, Lemuel and Hiram P Rose; Justin and Truman Hillyer; Silvanus, Gideon, Isaac and Archibald Cornel; Simeon and Alfred Avery, Frederick Moore, Worthy

Pratt; Ezekiel, Samuel and Truman Wells; Albert Mitchell, Joshua Knowles, Benjamin Lennel, Lester and Hiram Case, Harry and Lewis Clemmons; Leverett, Harry and Charles Butler; Titus Knox; William, John, Asa B., Benjamin F., Marcus A., George B. and Ezekiel S. Gavitt, children of my honored parents.

Time has made its impress upon the early inhabitants of Granville, and but few are left to tell the history of the past. The moral and religious influence of the place in which I was born, and the early religious instruction which I received from a devoted Christian mother, had much to do in forming my character and establishing my purpose in future life. From the time I was eight years old until I entered the ministry, I provided principally for myself. Leaving Granville in the early part of my life, and entering upon the itinerancy as a Methodist minister, I could hardly call any place my home; yet with all the changing scenes of past years, I have never forgotten my youthful days, or my early associates. It is a very great pleasure, which I seldom enjoy, to meet a young man born or raised in Granville. And I am still proud of the State in which I was born, and the place of my nativity.

Since the death of my parents and my precious sisters, Mrs. Sarah Moore and Amelia Bragg, the last of my father's family remaining in Granville, which

was once the happy home of a large family, it is seldom I visit Granville. Loved ones are gone, and but few of my early associates left. When I visit this place and walk among the tombs, and read their names, I turn away with a sad heart, and say to myself, when and where will we all meet again?

CHURCH PECULIARITIES.

Never was there a church more conscientious in the observance of the Sabbath than the members of this Puritan church. There was no such thing as visiting, riding or working, excepting in cases of sickness or death. Their Sabbath commenced on Saturday, and terminated at four o'clock on Sunday, at which time the duties of the coming week commenced. It was said if a dog was in the habit of barking, or a rooster in the habit of crowing, between the hours of two o'clock on Saturday and four o'clock on Sunday, their lives were despaired of unless there was a commendable change. Their religious devotions were in keeping with this Puritan faith. They had quite a comfortable frame church, but according to the custom of that early day, there was no provision made for heating or making the house comfortable in the most extreme cold weather. Such a thing as a stove or a furnace would have been a curiosity, as much so as Barnum's museum. Every family was provided with a foot stove, composed of wood and tin,

with a cup of hot embers placed inside. With these hand stoves, and the men with their thick overcoats and the women with their red hood woolen cloaks, and their children well provided with shawls, they were prepared for public worship on the Lord's day, and listen to the reading of a sermon upon some one of the leading doctrines of the church. After the morning services there was a recess of an hour, during which time they partook of the family lunch, which had been prepared for the occasion, and spent the hour in social conversation.

The time having arrived for the afternoon service, the sexton rings his bell as the signal for worship, and all the congregation are once more in their pews. The clerk steps to the stand and announces the number of the hymn, using his tuning fork to get the right pitch, states the tune mere or Old Hundred, reading the hymn two lines at a time, and at the wave of his hand all are upon their feet and unite in the song of praise.

The minister ascends the high and narrow pulpit and announces his text: "The twenty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark, 'For false Christs and false prophets shall arise, showing signs and wonders to seduce, if possible, the very elect.'" A well prepared sermon is delivered with more than ordinary zeal, in which the preacher refers to the sin of Judas in betraying his Lord, the fall of Adam,

Jonah's gourd, Lot's wife, and David's sinful fall, closing his sermon by stating that these things remind me of the fearful heresy which has been introduced into this community by the Methodist circuit riders, and as the pastor of the church it was his duty to watch over the interest of his flock. I would advise all the members and others to keep away from these Methodist ministers and their meetings, unless you wish to be affected with their fanaticism and get the jerks.

The doxology sung, the benediction pronounced, and all are once more on their way home. Whatever may have been the feelings of others, as for myself, being confined in a church during a January snow storm for four long hours, with but a child's heart, I felt relieved when standing before the New Year's cabin fire at my father's home, and could say, as the pious lady did who had just come out of the water, having been immersed: She thanked the Lord that day was over, as she had been dreading the painful duty all the week.

This Colonial Church of Granville was my mother's choice, and the one to which I first belonged. And long may the membership of this Congregational Church continue to prosper in the future, as they have in years of the past. It was not long before the Baptists and other religious denominations established churches in Granville, and some of the

peculiarities of the early Church underwent a change. But more especially as to the time of commencing the holy Sabbath, conforming to the wishes of others. For some cause Methodism was never very productive in Granville. This may be in part attributed to the wealth and influence of other churches. However, it is not surprising, as the principal part of the inhabitants of Granville are from the Eastern States, and from the hot-bed of their Calvinistic ancestry; and it is somewhat with these Eastern Yankees as it was with the man who stuttered, stating that he was not to blame for the impediment, as it was born in him.

It was some five years after the commencement of this Colonial Church before Methodism was introduced into Granville, and this was principally through the influence of Esq. Gavitt. He being a skeptical free-thinker and somewhat opposed to Calvinism, opened his house and extended his hospitality to all who were disposed to patronize his liberal principles, and never wanted for guests, which ultimately proved favorable as to his temporal and spiritual interests. On one occasion a French woman and her two children put up with him over night. During the evening some of his neighbors called in, complaining of their seed corn, and the destruction by birds of their early planting, and worms destroying the last few sprouts, and fearful there must be and would be a famine.

After they had left, this widow woman, who had been present and heard their complaints, stated such was the case at an early day in Canada, and she could tell them how to prevent it—by boiling up what was called skunks cabbage and making a strong decoction, and soak their seed corn in that over night, and that would prevent anything disturbing the grain. The experiment was tried the next day, and proved a success, Mr. Gavitt having one of the best fields of corn in all the country, and about the only corn that matured. The question was often propounded to Mr. Gavitt, why his corn was so much superior to his neighbors'? His reply was, because he kept the poor as well as the rich, and if they would do the same they too would have fine crops, as well as himself. This, however, did not appear to satisfy their minds, until he had stated the circumstance, and then appealed to them if it was not by keeping this poor widow woman over night. At first he had so little confidence in the remedy he did not think it worth while to explain it to his neighbors, or he would have done so before it was too late.

Especially did Mr. Gavitt make a home for all the early itinerant Methodist ministers, and often did they stop and rest a few days or remain over night as they were passing through the country. Such men were Samuel Parker, William Mitchell, Robert Cloud, Michael Ellis, James B. Finley, Samuel West,

Joseph Mitchell and others. Bishops Asbury and McKendree would sometimes stop with him and preach at night while on their way to their Western Conferences. This kind of hospitality by one who made no profession of religion was very acceptable at that early day. Mr. Gavitt said the prayers and the good counsel which they gave to his children more than compensated him for all he did for these ministers. This kind of hospitality was the means of his conversion, which was somewhat mysterious. In 1810, Mr. Gavitt and his wife were invited by these Methodist ministers to attend a camp meeting which was to be held on Joseph Tharp's farm, some twenty or thirty miles distant from Granville. He having some cheese to sell concluded that this camp meeting would be a fine place to dispose of it, and consented to attend, taking with him his wife, one of his sons, and Capt. B.—a man somewhat intemperate, and over whom he had been appointed guardian to prevent him from wasting his property Reaching the camp ground the ministers were pleased to see him, but stated he could not dispose of his cheese until the close of the meeting, but he could store it away in the preachers' tent, and at the close of the meeting they would dispose of it for him without any trouble. To this he consented, providing they would convert Mr. B., whom he had brought with him for that purpose.

This they could not do; but with his influence this might be done, providing he would remain. The meeting had not progressed far before Mr. B. gave evidence of deep conviction, and was found among the seekers of religion. Prayers having been offered in his behalf, all appeared to be of no avail. Mr. B. informed some one of the preachers that he could never be converted unless Mr. Gavitt would come and pray for him. A messenger was soon dispatched and the information communicated. Said Mr. Gavitt: "How can I pray for him, having never prayed for myself?" He was urged to go, and if no more, he could say the Lord's Prayer. Having knelt by his side and commenced repeating his prayer, Mr. B. rose and returned to his tent. Mr. Gavitt not being aware of this, and becoming deeply concerned for his own sins, still remained on his knees, and well did the ministers hold him to it until midnight. When Mr. Gavitt had returned to his tent said Mr. B.: "I have played a fine trick on you, William, hoping these Methodists might convert you, as you appeared to be so anxious for my conversion." The meeting having closed, the cheese disposed of, they started for home. Having to camp out on their journey over night, Mrs. Gavitt was still hopeful that her husband would be converted, and proposed to have prayers before they retired for the night. Her son by this time was deeply convicted, and was

anxious that his mother should pray for him. Mr. Butler acknowledged that he had done wrong in making light of religion, and wished to be remembered in her prayers. Mrs. Gavitt was not long pleading with God for their conversion before their prayers were mingled with hers, and before midnight her husband, son and Mr. Butler were soundly converted, and made the woods ring with their shouts of joy

In 1809 Robert Cloud arrived in Granville on Saturday, and finding there were no members in the place of his own Church, and learning of the hospitality of Mr. Gavitt, who kept a place of public entertainment, he called on him and was made welcome. Suitable arrangements were made for public worship to be on Sabbath at the log school house. At the appointed time a medium congregation of outsiders and a few of the more liberal ones of the established Church, had assembled, Mr. Cloud taking for his text, *Acts* xvii., 6th: "Those that have turned the world upside down have come hither also," Mr. Cloud setting forth the peculiarities of Methodism in opposition to Calvinism created some unpleasantness in the ranks of the faithful, and objections were made to any further use of this log temple. The party strife became so strong on Monday night the schoolhouse was demolished and its contents scattered over the Public Square, and these opponents to Methodism

were left to enjoy their honored rights; but not without Mr. Cloud's opinion of the Westminister confession of faith.

In 1810 this minister was assigned to the Knox circuit, and during this year Mr. Cloud formed a class and established the first Methodist Episcopal Church in the village of Granville, which at first consisted of but three members, William Gavitt, Theoffa Griffith and Mr. H. Butler. My father was the first and for many years the only official member in Granville, and was well known among the ministers and membership at that early day as a consistent and influential member of the Church, and his social qualities made him friends wherever he went; and, strange to tell, to my knowledge I never knew him to do a hard day's work unless it was in his law office or representing the county in which he lived in the Ohio State Legislature, when Chillicothe was the capital of the State, and as postmaster or magistrate almost to the close of his effective life. And amidst all of his political career he retained the confidence of his party, and his fidelity to the Church of his choice, and died in hopes of immortality and eternal life, in the ninety-sixth year of his age.

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING HOUSE.

The first Methodist Church in Granville was commenced in 1822, and was finished and dedicated dur-

ing the ministry of Edward Taylor and Henry S. Fernandes in 1824. Methodism was thus planted in Granville at an early day, and had all the advantages of a first-class ministry. Such men as Abner Goff, Charles Thorn, Samuel Hamilton, Zarah Coston, Curtis Goddard, James Hooper, S. H. Holland, James Gilruth, Charles Lybrand, Leonidas L. Hamline, S. A. G. Phillips, F. A. Simmons, Joseph Carper, Uriah Heath, Philip Nation, David Lewis, J. T. Donahew, E. C. Gavitt, and Stephen M. Merrill. Two of these ministers have since been made bishops, but for some cause the Methodist Episcopal Church has never appeared to prosper in Granville as in other localities with less advantages. And yet there are but few places in Ohio where they have furnished more useful young men as ministers at an early day, when the field was large and the laborers but few. Granville and its vicinity have given to the Church such men as Constant Jones, Samuel Cooper, Areza Brown, Jacob Martin, Jefferson Babcock, Ezekiel S. Gavitt, William Sprague, Joseph McDowell, Orren Mitchell, Wesley Clark, Benedict Belt, Cyrus Brooks, John H. Pitezell, Richard Doughty, John White, Anson Brooks, Zalmon Johnson, Reuben Blood, A. M. Alexander, and others of a later date. Some of these men entered the mission field, others went West. Some are dead, others superannuated, and a few are still in the effective work. These were men from the common

avocations in life, without the advantages of a diploma. Men of honest convictions who felt that they were called of God, and were ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of winning souls to Christ, and there are but few men at this day, with all of their educational advantages, that could excel them as to usefulness or ministerial ability. Hundreds and thousands have been awakened and have been converted under their ministry, and their names are still precious in the memory of the good and their reward is on high.

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY CONSECRATION.

GOVERNOR BRIGGS, of Massachusetts, relates the following incident: After reading with great interest the letters of John Quincy Adams' mother, he one day went over to his seat in Congress, and said to him, "Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you." "What do you mean?" said he. "I have been reading the letters of your mother," was the reply With a flashing eye and glowing countenance Mr. Adams started up, and in his peculiar and emphatic manner, said, "Yes, Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother." And with propriety I might say the same. My father had been a skeptical lawyer, my mother an Old School Presbyterian and had been educated in all the peculiarities of that Church and as a consistent Christian, she had all of her children christened in their infancy, and I am a firm believer in that kind of consistency. As parents we cannot convert our children, but we can throw around them such influences as may be the means of their salvation. Then let parents do their duty towards their children, and leave the event with God. It was by the side of this Christian mother, and re-

clining my head upon her lap, with her hand upon my head, I was taught to say the Lord's Prayer and the child's verse, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and from that day to the present I have never failed to repeat these prayers before closing my eyes to sleep at night. The first permanent religious impression made upon my mind was when I was six years of age, attending Church in the house of Deacon Thurstin. At the close of the sermon an invitation was given to all who desired the prayers of the Church to manifest it by coming forward and kneeling at what was termed the mourners bench. Standing by the side of my now sainted mother, and leaning upon her lap, I felt convicted that I had done many things that were wrong, and asked my mother if I might go and kneel with others, and I almost fancy I can feel the warm hand of that precious sainted mother, as she laid it upon my head and the tears upon my cheek as she pressed my lips, and said, "yes, go, my child, and may God go with you." Some six weeks after this on a beautiful Sabbath day, during the absense of my parents while at church, I retired to my father's log-barn, and behind a few bundles of straw I knelt where no eye save that of God could see me, and in humble faith asked that blessed Saviour who made his first appearance in a stable, to come and forgive all my sins. There and then I saw his smiling countenance, and heard the whispering voice

saying, "Child, thy sins are all forgiven thee, arise and go in peace, for thy faith has made thee whole." When I returned to the house, I met my mother at the door and stated what the Lord had done for me. The joy was so great she swooned and fell. My father laid her upon the bed. When consciousness returned she exclaimed,

"The Lord hath heard my prayer and granted me the desire of my heart."

Samuel's mother consecrated him in childhood and prayed that as long as he lived he should be lent to the Lord, and it is said the Lord granted her petition.

I have often felt, that like Samuel, my mother had consecrated me to God and the work of the ministery should it be the will of her Heavenly Father, and the prayers of this devoted mother before the Lord, had much to do in keeping my feet from falling, and my heart near to God until I entered upon the work of the ministry.

CHAPTER XIV

MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO PREACH.

In the summer of 1819, this being the eleventh year of my age, I attended a quarterly meeting among the Methodists upon the South Fork of Licking creek. It was a beautiful summer day in August. The people were coming from far and near on Sabbath morning to attend the Love Feast, which was at that day the great attraction of the quarterly occasion, and was to commence precisely at 9 o'clock. However, none were admitted without a ticket or a note of admission, and none were permitted to enter—presiding elder, minister or member—after the hour had arrived and the door had been closed. Some fifty or sixty male and female members and others were too late, and were complaining of such a usage as they would have to remain out until the eleven o'clock sermon, the hour for public worship. I proposed to preach for them, provided they would accept of my services, to which they readily consented, as many of these persons were well acquainted with me and knew that I had been preparing for the ministry. Taking my stand upon a horse-block a short distance from the log church, so as not to interfere with the Love

Feast I announced my text: "The Lord said unto Samuel, look not on his countenance or the height of his stature, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—*I. Sam.*, xvi., 7.

Doubtless, there was some sympathy for my youthful appearance, and prayers for my success, and God was pleased to own my first effort. A young lady by the name of Eva Channell, commenced crying for mercy before I had finished my discourse, and soon after was converted, and became the wife of a Methodist minister in the South by the name of Chadwick. From that time I commenced holding meetings in the rural settlements, and preaching without taking text, as this would have been objectionable to the economy of the Church to which I belonged.

During this time I wrote many sermons principally upon doctrinal subjects, one of which was published on the perseverance of the saints, founded upon the saying of our Lord. "Because I live ye shall live also." This sermon was supposed to be unanswerable, but it would hardly pass muster at this day

Having studied theology with my excellent pastor, Jacob Little, in my fourteenth year I received a permit to improve in public as a licentiate, not however, without some disatisfaction as to my youth and want of experience. It was not long before complaints were entered that I was too zealous and not

altogether orthodox, and I was more of a Methodist than a Presbyterian. I concluded that they were about right, and that honesty was the best policy. Although I loved the Church and my pastor, not being disposed to afflict the feelings of my Calvinistic brethren who had been kind and tender towards me in childhood and in youth, I now applied for a letter and an honorable dismission from the Church, which was granted. I still have the letter in my possession, signed by the secretary, Deacon Samuel Bancroft, also the Bible which was given to me at the same time by Deacon Winchel, of precious memory, and in this Bible I have more than a thousand verses marked, from which I have attempted to preach during the sixty years of my ministry, and have made a practice of reading this Bible through every year since it was presented to me by this special friend, and had the Church at that early day been as liberal and consistent as to election and reprobation as at this day, I presume I should have remained in the Church of my early choice. But if God from all eternity had fixed the future destiny of all mankind either to happiness or misery, and their number so definite they could not be added too, or diminished from, I felt that preaching was a humbug and an imposition to the sinner.

CHAPTER XV.

CALVINISM AND EARLY CONTROVERSY.

During the last fifty years a very great change has taken place; and there is less controversy now upon the subject of election and reprobation, or Arminianism, which in the early part of my ministry was the Alpha and Omega. The following will somewhat illustrate the mode of controversy upon the favorite theory of the unconditional perseverance of the saints:—

Mr. Caughman, an Old School Calvinist of the Puritan faith, preaching in the presence of Mr. J. Mitchell, a Methodist minister, illustrated his subject in the following manner:—

"A maiden lady had gone out to make some calls, and upon returning in the evening found that her favorite lamb was missing. Search was made through the house and yard for the lamb, but all to no effect; the lamb was not to be found, hence she concluded that it was either lost, dead, or had strayed away. As her last hope she commenced calling, 'Polly, my dear, Polly, if you are alive, do come.' Her sweet voice was heard, and Polly came running and went *bah*, *bah*, and was just as well as ever. From this you see my dear brethren it was not lost,

or dead, but was under the bed asleep. So it is with many Christians; they may fall into sin and may do many wicked things, and become somewhat indifferent in regard to the interests of the Church or their obligations to God, but if they have ever been converted, their spiritual lives will still remain and they cannot die or fall from grace. When aroused by the Great Shepherd's voice they will come at his call, although they may have been asleep for a while. So you see, my dear brethren, that the Methodist doctrine as to falling from grace, is false, and a dangerous doctrine to believe."

Soon after this Mr. Mitchell was called upon to reply, at the same log school-house, and principally to the same congregation, the Rev. Mr. Caughman being present; and now the peculiarities of Methodism became the order of the day. Mr. Mitchell taking the pet lamb for his illustration to show the absurdity of Calvinism.

The shepherd during the day had grazed his flock upon the green pastures in the valley; in the evening he had removed them to the hill top as a place of safety against the approaching storm, but unfortunately his pet lamb had strayed from the fold and had lain down and gone to sleep. Returning to the pasture in search of his lamb, he found it standing by a bush and bleating most pitifully for something to eat. The shepherd said to the lamb, "why don't you eat grass?" Still it continued to cry for milk;

the shepherd told the lamb to eat browse, but in vain, it still continued to cry for milk. He now concluded that he would take it to the fold and provide it with suitable nourishment, but it evaded his pursuit. He called it loud and long, "Polly, Polly; oh! my dear precious Polly, do come to me," but still it pursued its onward course, going still further away until the shepherd left it and went back again to his fold. The next morning he started bright and early to see what had become of his pet lamb, thinking by this time it had become satisfied with its wanderings and obstinacy; but what was his surprise instead of finding Polly, as he had hoped, under the bush asleep, or taking its pleasure or comfort among the beautiful flowers and luxurious grasses, behold it was cold and dead. He called, and called, loud and long, "Polly, oh! my dear precious Polly, do come to me," but Polly's voice was hushed in death. He stirred it with his shepherd's crook, but there were no signs of life; he pitied its folly and its obstinacy, and looking upon its lifeless remains said, "you are dead, that is certain; but you never were alive, and you never were a sheep or anything like a sheep; if you had been you never would have died; there would have been a spark of life still remaining and you would have listened to my voice and come at my call, and some day you might have been a noble sheep, perhaps a Deacon or an Elder in the Church.

The congregation was not slow in comprehending

the meaning of the two parables, or the application of his subject. I am pleased to say the controversy closed, and these honored divines remained friends, and have long since departed this life and have gone to try the merits of their theology, and peace be to their memory.

A better day has dawned upon the Church; controversy has in a measure ceased, and all denominations are less disposed to bring their artillery to bear upon each other. Surely if this world is ever redeemed to God all bigotry and superstition must be laid aside, and Christ's Universal Church must march out upon the broad platform of Christianity, until they form one solid phalanx, then at the command of their Divine Master, the captain of our salvation, who has said, "he that is not for me is against me." As the honored disciples of Christ, let them pour their artillery into the ranks of the enemy until infidelity and skepiticism of every shape and kind is routed, and the universal triumph of the Gospel of the Son of God spreads from land to land, and from sea to sea. Then may it be said, and only then, that the Church of Christ is coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved, fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners, "while all Heaven will join in the song of praise," "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHURCH RELATION.

A few weeks after I received my letter from the Presbyterian Church, I united with the Methodist Church in Granville, during the pastorate of Rev. Abner Gaugh, one of the pioneers of Ohio, whose fame was in all the churches. But in after life, being unfortunate in his temporal matters, and suffering by an undutiful son, he became somewhat deranged, and at last died in the lunatic asylum at Columbus, Ohio, in hopes of immortality and eternal life. By the consent of the class in Granville, I received my first license to exhort, and at the ensuing Quarterly Conference upon the Granville Circuit, I received my first license to preach. My knowledge of Methodism or Methodist economy was quite limited, although I had been somewhat acquainted with the ministry and membership of the Church. My father had made a profession of religion, and at this time his house and home had become a preaching place, and was frequently visited by the early pioneer ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I have heard my mother say that Bishop Asbury, had held me on his knee in early life, and had given me

several presents appropriate for a child of my age, and I still have some remembrance how he looked, and his grave and dignified appearance.

This was one of the pecularities of the early itineracy, and it was useless for the minister to expect the friendship and appreciation of the hostess, unless he paid some attention to the children, and gave his opinion as to their future prospects.

I must say it was among the most embarrassing features connected with my early itineracy, to kiss all the children, and examine their heads, and give my opinion as to their future usefulness, whether they would make doctors, lawyers or ministers. I remember meeting one of the appointments on the first round on the charge, where everything about the house appeared most forbidding. The thought of having to spend the night there, and go through the programme of attention to the children, which would naturally be required, having to kiss all of them and examine their heads, was something more than I was disposed to do, unless there was some improvement. The first little fellow that approached me with outstretched arms, was fearfully dirty, and now reminds me of my new conference suit of clothes, with the smear and finger marks he placed upon them. I proposed to give the little fellow a sixpence if he would go and wash his hands and face. Then a little girl appeared of some seven or eight years of age; I proposed to give her a shilling if she would go and

do the same. Soon after another one appeared of some twelve years of age; I proposed to give her twenty-five cents if she would go and do the same. By this time the mother appeared and said to me, "You must have more money than the most of our preachers; they are forever complaining of their poverty." I stated to her that I had but little, but was disposed to invest that to the very best advantage, and if she would go and wash her face and hands and comb her hair, I would give her fifty cents. By this time the fire commenced to fly; matters and things were getting badly mixed up. Fearing my quarters for the night might be too warm, when her husband returned home from hunting, I settled the bill with the children, and left an appointment for my colleague, and that afternoon and evening I rode fifteen miles to my next appointment, and then wrote to my colleague, "If you propose to preach at Binkley's, you had better arrange your appointment for Friday, and keep that as a day of *fasting* and *prayer*, and be sure not to leave any appointment at that place for me. Being required by the discipline of the Church to recommend cleanliness wherever we go, and not having attempted this before, perhaps I may have overdone the thing. Please inform me how matters and things are at Binkley's." I have heard that lightning struck that place when the old man returned home from hunting the evening after I left, "and I narrowly escaped with my scalp."

In the early part of my ministry I was frequently solicited and even urged to join Conference, and commence in the regular work of the itineracy Ministers being less numerous at that day than at present and new fields of usefulness constantly opening requiring ministerial supplies. The itineracy did not impress me favorably; I could not see how a young man could live on one hundred dollars a year, this being the amount allowed for his support, and seldom receiving more than two-thirds of that. I now opened a hatter's shop, a business with which I have been partially acquainted. The manufacturing of wide brimmed white fur hats, made of otter or beaver, was by no means unprofitable, being worth from eight to ten dollars apiece, and these being essential requisities for a Quaker or a Methodist minister, as much so as the round-breasted coat; and all Methodist divines, young or old, were expected to conform to this established usage, which was a characteristic of plainness and neatness, by which they were easily distinguished, so much so, it has been said that even chickens could recognize them, and as they approached the farm house these domestics would make for the barn or coop, and stand there with tears in their eyes until the honored divines departed. This plainness was also observed by the entire membership,—the ladies' dove-colored Quaker bonnet was considered essential.

CHAPTER XVII.

MYSTERIOUS LEADINGS OF PROVIDENCE.

Sitting in my office preparing for the duties of the day, a tall spare man made his appearance, being well dressed in a Methodist minister's costume, grave and dignified. Said this stranger:—

"Are you the young man who has lately united with the Methodist Episcopial Church in this place?"

"I presume I am the person to whom you refer."

"Well, young man, I have a message from God to you, and have come this morning to deliver it. I want you to be ready to start with me on next Monday morning at seven o'clock, for Detroit, Michigan. The Lord has a work for you to do and you must do it."

"As far as I now can see, it will be impossible to prepare for such a journey, within two days, if at all."

"I have delivered my message and shall call for you on Monday morning; my name is Arza Brown, a Methodist minister, stationed at Detroit, Michigan."

He then departed as suddenly and as unexpectedly as he had entered my office. Feeling sad and some-

what frustrated, meditating upon the man and his message, I concluded to take a walk into the town or the more central part of the village, and try to dispel the gloomy impression from my mind, being more or less convicted as to my duty and what God had required of me.

I had not proceeded far before Mr. Bessa, a member from the country, with whom I was acquainted, hailed me and wished to know if I did not want to purchase a horse. He had a fine small animal which would be suitable for a person of my size, but was not large enough for his farming purposes. The horse was presented for inspection; it was a beautiful bay animal, well broke, and racked as easily as a cradle, and a suitable age for traveling. I could not have been better pleased, but had not enough money on hand to make the purchase. This brother informed me I could have the horse for thirty-five dollars, payable in six months, my note, with interest. The purchase was made and the horse put away and suitably provided for. Horses at that early day were cheap and more plentiful than money to purchase; most of the business transactions were done by the way of trade.

I now started once more to take a walk through the place, but had not gone far when Mr. Elsworth hailed me, wishing to know if I would exchange some hats for his work, as he had a place

where he could dispose of some. I stated I would be pleased to do so providing he had on hand such things as I wanted. I had just purchased a horse and would be glad to get a saddle, bridle, halter and saddle bags; all of these he had on hand and of a superior quality.

The exchange was made and I now concluded to visit the home of my parents and make my errand known to them, and especially to my mother, who from childhood had been my counsellor and spiritual adviser. On entering the house she was pleased to see me. I had just come in time, as she had been preparing some underclothes for me, such as stockings, shirts and some other articles, and was about to send them, as she supposed they would be very acceptable. I could hardly suppress my feelings, and gave way to tears; so strange had been the dealings of Providence, and so mysteriously had I been led. I opened my heart to my mother, and stated all that had transpired. My parents were well acquainted with Mr. Brown, as a man and minister, and as a special friend to the family. I could not be placed in safer hands, or have a truer friend, as to my personal interest; but as the health of my mother was precarious, and with her present affliction could not live much longer, and I being the youngest of the family then living, it would have been a great pleasure to her could I have remained and still con-

tinued in business. But if it was the will of God and my duty she had no more to say, as she could not live long to enjoy my society, her only rest would be with her family in Heaven; while on earth her prayers would follow me, and she had no doubt but that a mother's God would take care of me; she hoped I would be faithful, and worthy of Brother Brown's confidence; and I must write often, as they would be anxious to hear from me.

I now made out a schedule of all my temporal affairs and handed it to my father, requesting him to dispose of all my effects as best he could, as I should not want them any more. I was now determined to devote my life to the ministry, riches or poverty, life or death. I would confide in Him who has said for my encouragement: "Lo, I am with you always."

On Monday morning I was equipped with a complete outfit, Bible, Hymn Book, Discipline, Fletcher's Appeal and Baxter's Call. This constituted, at that day, a Methodist minister's library, and all his saddle bags would well contain; and when night came, or wherever he might put up for the night, he was prepared to set up his entire establishment and commence business. I had been in the habit of writing my sermons, the question now with me was whether I could learn to extemporize. I had taken a few of my manuscripts to commence with, and

trusted that I might improve as I attempted to speak extemporaneously. I still write my sermons in full, but from that day to the present I have never taken a manuscript or any notes with me into the pulpit, unless it was on some special occasion, referring to names or dates, and still believe this is preferable to any other course in sermonizing. The mind untrammeled under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit will suggest new thoughts more forcible and impressive than under any other circumstances, and such as are calculated to carry home to the heart and conscience Divine truth. Some of my best efforts have been under the inspiration of God's holy spirit, and but few ministers have had greater success in winning souls to Christ.

INCIDENTS ON THE WAY TO DETROIT.

On Monday morning at the appointed time my guide and spiritual counsellor was on hand, as stated, bidding farewell to friends and home, we started for Detroit, Michigan, the place of our destination, the last week in September, 1828. We reached Delaware, Ohio, the first day and remained over night with a Methodist family by the name of Switzer, the honored parents of Lawyer Switzer. Delaware was a small village and with but few inhabitants. Methodism had been planted in this place in 1812; in 1828, the Church consisted of forty-six members: Revs.

James Gilruth and Cyrus Carpenter were the pastors on this charge, which extended over a large territory. The next day we reached Marion, the county seat, and put up for the night with Judge Anderson, a kind family of precious memory. I preached at night to a small congregation, in a school house, with some degree of interest and acceptability to the people; this being my first attempt in my new relation in the itineracy. Marion was an enterprising little village with some five hundred inhabitants, and was included in the Delaware circuit, with a small membership in this village.

The next day we reached Upper Sandusky, and put up for the night with Mr. Walker, who kept a house of entertainment. This was a small Indian village, with but few white inhabitants. Mr. Sweet, the shoemaker, and Mr. Lewis, the blacksmith, with a few other families, connected with the Wyandottes, the Armstrongs, Walkers, Garriets and a few others. Having a desire to become better acquainted with the Indian character, and the condition of the missionary work of this place, we remained a few days, and had the pleasure of receiving the hospitality of William Walker and his excellent family. Mrs. Walker was a white woman, and formerly had been a school teacher at this mission, and was decidedly a splendid lady. Some of her relatives are still living in Hardin county, Ohio, by the name of

Smiley ; all of whom were from Zanesville, Ohio, and Mrs. Walker was a relative of David Young, of pioneer fame. During the time we remained at this place, we had the pleasure of meeting with the Chiefs in their council, and with several other prominent members of the Church. Brother Brown and myself alternately preached every night, at the log mission house, standing on the bank of the Sandusky river. Rev. Thomas Thompson was the missionary at this place, an excellent Christian brother, formerly from England, being endowed with the missionary spirit, and appeared to be delighted with his work.

On Friday we started for Tiffin, and remained over night with Esq. Ebbert and his family, and were kindly entertained. Rev. Alvin Billings was the pastor on this charge, which at that time was designated as the Sandusky circuit, including a large field of labor, extending into what is now Ottawa county.

Tiffin was an enterprising county seat, and was principally inhabited with Marylanders, many of whom were Methodists, decided and consistant Christians, possessing wealth and influence. This place has always been, and will continue to be a prominent place for Methodism, and a delightful charge for the pastor and his family.

On Saturday we reached Lower Sandusky, now

Fremont, and there being but few members in the place, we rode a few miles into the country, and put up with Jacob Bowlus for the night. He and his family were living at that time on what was called Muskallonge, a small stream of water near his house. I understand this excellent brother is still living, and now resides in Fremont, as the honored patriarch of Methodism.

Lower Sandusky had been supplied with the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church as early as 1818, from the Ohio Huron Mission, which included a very extensive territory, and was this year supplied with John Brook, as pastor; in 1819, with William Westlake. This brother preached in all the towns and rural settlements, made accessible, and was the first minister who visited and preached in Tiffin, Portland, Lower Sandusky, Pryor neighborhood and a few times at Woodville, Perrysburg and Maumee City. In 1820, Dennis Goddard was sent upon this charge, and as the country had improved Mr. Goddard commenced organizing the Church, and established Methodism in Portland, Norwalk, Milan, Huron, Tiffin, Lower Sandusky, Woodville, Stony Ridge, Prior settlement, and in what is now Ottawa county, in the Day neighborhood, Shaw settlement, and a few other places between what is now Oak Harbor and the county seat. During his two years upon this charge, in 1821 he returned a membership

to conference of 399. I was well acquainted with this excellent brother during his ministry, and his impaired health in consequence of his early itineracy. In 1822, Phillip Green was sent upon this work, but did not accomplish much in consequence of some misfortunes. During this year he changed the appointment at Lower Sandusky from Sunday to Monday evening, believing he could be of more use at other points on his mission. This was the cause of unpleasant feelings on the part of the membership at Lower Sandusky, and they employed a local minister to fill their Sabbath appointment, by the name of James Montgomery, the Indian Agent at Fort Seneca. This honored brother, I was well acquainted with, and his ministry for several years. Brother Montgomery died near Fort Ball, in 1830, and during this year the Sandusky circuit was supplied with Elam Day and Ezekiel S. Gavitt. It has been stated by some Church historian, speaking of the early ministry, in Fremont, Ohio, that Mr. Montgomery's funeral sermon was preached by Ezekiel Cooper, the pastor on the Sandusky circuit, in 1830. This is a sad mistake, as much so as the names of the early ministers who preached at Lower Sandusky, and the eulogy this brother bestows upon Ezekiel Cooper is all a mistake; there was no such minister in the Ohio Conference, or any man by this name who ever preached in Northwestern Ohio; my brother

Ezekiel may have preached the funeral sermon, but no man by the name of Ezekiel Cooper. Those who write Church history should be supplied with the general minutes of annual conferences.

There are but few members left as the early planting of Methodism in what is now called Fremont. Jacob Bowlus the honored parent of Mrs. Widow Merritt and Jemima Emerson, are about all. Mrs. Emerson's first husband was Asa B. Gavitt, my brother, who came to Lower Sandusky soon after the close of the war of 1812, and opened the first store in that place, and traded extensively with the Indians. Joel Asa Gavitt, now of Fremont, and half brother to the Emerson children, was my brother's only child. At the time of my brother's death he was living with his family on his farm, some three miles above Fremont, near the Sandusky river. He died on this farm, and was buried in the old cemetery near Fremont. During my visit to this place in 1828 I became acquainted with two hermits, who came to Sandusky county soon after the close of the war, and while the northwest was principally a wilderness: Thomas Fulerton had made him a home on my brother's farm, on the side of a hill; Peter Burgon had settled on the farm owned by Mr. Chamberlin, and had built him an abode at the base of a high ridge. These two disappointed saints were not on good terms, as competitors for honors,

they subsisted principally upon fish and vegetables, and were respected for their moral honesty; lived and died near Fremont, and received an honorable interment, by the early settlers.

Myself and traveling companion remained in this community two days, visiting and praying with the membership. On Sabbath Brother Brown preached the funeral sermon of two children of a family by the name of Shaw. They had been drowned a few days before we arrived at Lower Sandusky, and on Sabbath night I preached in a school-house in the village to about all the inhabitants of the place, taking for my text: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, *Eccl.* xii. 1." On Tuesday morning, bright and early, having equipped ourselves with a lunch, and a few ears of corn in our saddle bags, for our horses, we started for what was then called Fort Meigs, but now Perrysburg, a distance of some thirty or forty miles through the wilderness, or the black swamp, the road having since been straightened and shortened by the macadamized Maumee pike. This was a beautiful day, nature putting on her best robes and pleasantest smiles, and the solitude of the forest rendered cheerful by the sweet and varied songs of the feathered tribes. The monotony of our journey was rendered pleasant by the flight of the deer, aroused from their lairs or grazing places, and show-

ing their dexterity by leaping over the logs and brush. Occasionally we fell in company with bruin. One of these aged residenters was comfortably located in our path, bathing himself in the light and warm rays of the sun, quite unconscious of our near approach, but evidently feeling that we were intruders upon his quiet rest. At least such were the indications as he arose from his leafy bed, and saluted us with a growl, and an exhibition of his ivory, plainly indicating his resentment, as much as to say, you can pass safely providing you take the other side of the road. We were willing to compromise the matter with him if he was disposed to let us quietly pursue our journey. Toward sunset we reached the Carryon river, a name given by the Indians at an early day. During the fall and spring, when the river banks were full and overflowing, the Indians had to build what was called a pontoon bridge, to carry over their horses, tents, canoes and other equipments. The river now called Portage was at first called Carryover or Carryon. I have seen the day when this river was spread out for miles on the low lands, rendering it dangerous if not impossible for the emigrant or passing traveler to cross. Arriving at this river, and finding no convenient place to ford, and night fast approaching, we dismounted, took refuge for the night in a hunter's bark shanty which had been vacated. Tying our

horses to a tree, we partially supplied their wants with the corn from our saddle bags, and ourselves with the lunch we had failed to eat at noon; the night being cool, was favorable for our horses, as they had suffered during the day by gnats, flies and musquitoes; with our saddle bags for pillows, blankets and over coats for covering, at a suitable hour we laid down to rest, hoping to dismiss anxiety and care. But in this we were mistaken, before we had got well composed, we were surrounded by a drove of wolves advancing near our horses, and we were compelled to build a fire to protect ourselves against these intruders. Without fee or reward, we were serenaded until the morning light, and the howling was fearful. Feeling the wants of nature, we were soon on our way for Fort Meigs and the Maumee City. Having crossed the Portage and the Maumee at the rapids, and swimming our horses across the Ten-Mile Creek, we put up for the night with Eli Hobard, and his excellent lady soon provided for our wants, which we thankfully received.

My colleague had suffered some inconvenience by swimming, his pantaloons being saturated, and his boots filled with water, which required some patience and employment for the evening. We remained with this excellent family until Friday morning, resting and recruiting our horses. On Thursday evening I preached to a small congregation who had been in-

vited by our host to spend the evening with us, taking for my text, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." Mr. Brown closed the services with a warm and thrilling exhortation.

The small village at this place, designated as the Ten-Mile Creek, was soon after called Tremainsville, and now included in the incorporation of the "future great city." This was decidedly a place of much more importance than Port Lawrence or Vistula which has since been christened Toledo.

Methodism was established in Tremainsville as early as 1825, and the first house for public worship, by any denomination whatever, in northwestern Ohio, was built at this place. The contract was taken by Horace Thacher, Esq., who is now living in the city of Toledo. This Church was commenced in 1834 and finished in 1835. The first Methodist class formed at this place in 1825, was the nucleus of Methodism in Northwestern Ohio. This was the first church ever constituted in Toledo or vicinity, notwithstanding the opinion of others. No Methodist minister or layman now living came into this country earlier than myself, and I know whereof I speak as to the early planting of Methodism in the Maumee Valley.

Among the early inhabitants in and about Tremainsville were the Whitneys, Keelers, Phillips Lewises, Mallets, Hortons, Millers, Smiths, Hardeys,

Wilkinsons, Hobards, Collins, Cones, Blanchards, and a few others of a later date. I shall hereafter speak of this Tremainsville society, and the first class at this place.

Friday morning, bright and early, we were on our way for Monroe, Michigan. This being our next stopping place, an appointment for preaching at night had been sent ahead.

Methodist ministers, at this early day, having but little spare means to defray their traveling expenses, had to make some definite arrangements as to the Methodist family with whom they would be likely to find entertainment for the night; or they might be required to camp out, going some distance from the main road, or trail, to prevent any intrusion from the Indians, who were more numerous than white people, and if intoxicated, these Indians were more or less dangerous, and quite likely to want our horses or saddle bags.

Friday was a pleasant day, and our horses were in good trim for traveling. Soon after we started my traveling companion fell into a deep study, preparing his sermon for the night, as this appointment had been sent in advance. But little attention had been paid to our route: coming to what was called the Bay settlement, the main road disappeared and lead off in a half dozen different directions. Having traveled for a few miles along one of these paths,

we fell in with a funeral procession, and learned that the road we were on terminated at the Catholic Cemetery. We now returned, and watching more carefully the blazed trees, were soon on the straight route for Monroe, and landed safely before night. We stopped at Esq. Harvey's, a short distance in the country, where the public services were to be held. Monroe was but a small Catholic village, and destitute of a Protestant Church. About all the membership in the settlement were on hand to hear the strange ministers. After the sermon and a short exhortation from myself, we had a speaking meeting, which was both interesting and profitable.

On Saturday we reached the place of our destination, and enjoyed the hospitality of Father Abbott and his excellent family. Detroit had assumed some considerable importance as a lake city, but owing to the unsettled condition of society, and the constant emigration to other parts of the Territory, Methodism had made but little progress. There were but sixty-five members in the place and some less than three hundred in the entire Territory. However, I am pleased to say there were a few noble hearted and enterprising ones, who had with their limited means erected a small Church, in which I had the honor of preaching on Sabbath morning, standing on a store box, before this house was plastered or seated. It is with pleasure I refer to the

names of some of these early pioneers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Detroit: The Deans, Nobles, Owens, Edwards — the relatives of Rev. Arthur Edwards, D. D., editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, Illinois, the parents of whom I united in marriage. I would also refer to Father Abbott and his family, with whom I made my home for a short time before entering upon my new field of labor, and the commencement of my early itineracy in Michigan.

In 1828 the Detroit district was supplied as follows: Zarah Caston, presiding elder; Detroit station, Arza Brown; Oakland, William T. Snow and Elnathan C. Gavitt; Huron, Benjamin Cooper; Monroe, George W Walker; St. Clair Mission, Elias Patter. All of these excellent brethren, with whom I was associated at that early day, and all the regular itinerant ministers there were in the Michigan Territory, have long since entered their reward on high, and I am the only one left of this little band to record their names and the early planting of Methodism in the Michigan Territory, which was at this time almost an entire wilderness.

MY FIRST CIRCUIT IN MICHIGAN.

Oakland circuit was a new field of labor, constituted in 1828, including all the Northeastern part of the Territory, covering a large area of country, and

extending for hundreds of miles around, requiring preaching from two to three times per day, and riding from ten to twenty miles between appointments, all of which had to be accomplished within four or six weeks, to reach the place of beginning. We had no rest week. The minister had but little time for study, unless it was on horse-back or by bark-light, in some rural home with but one room, which answered for the parlor, kitchen and sleeping room.

During this year we claim to have had the first camp-meeting ever held in the Michigan Territory; at least such was the statement of ministers and members. This meeting was well attended by all the itinerant and local ministers, and also quite a number of members from Canada and Detroit. There were some fifty conversions, and sixty-three accessions to the Church, and the influence of this meeting was very beneficial to the interest of the entire charge.

My home and headquarters during this year was at Ira Donelson's, one among the early pioneers of the Territory, who had settled with his family near Pontiac. He was the honored father of the Rev. P. S. Donelson, D. D., who for many years was a member of the Central Ohio Conference. For seventeen years he was President of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College at Delaware, and afterwards filled many im-

portant positions in the Conference as a stationed minister and presiding elder. The doctor was about four years old when I made his father's house my home. But as young as he was at that day, he was on hand and officiated on the occasion of my second marriage as may be seen by the Conference Minutes for 1876, and in the daily papers in the report of the proceedings of this annual Conference as follows: Elnathan C. Gavitt, of pioneer fame in the Maumee Valley, a member of Central Ohio Conference, and Miss E. M. Roys, M. D., were united in marriage in open Conference in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of Defiance, Ohio, September 9th, 1876, by Rev. Park S. Donelson, D. D., assisted by Bishop Ames, D. D., LL. D. The bride is a graduate of the Female Medical College, of Philadelphia, and has been a successful practitioner for fifteen years, the last eight years in the city of Toledo, Ohio. We wish the Elder and his fair lady a prosperous and a pleasant journey through life."

Dr. Donelson was born in Massachusetts, April 19th, 1825, and died in Dexter, Michigan, May 6th, 1882, and has entered upon his reward on high to join those honored parents, who were so kind to me in 1828, a young man far from home and among strangers. His father was my counsellor and his mother my special friend, and they were as kind to me as if I had been their own child. The morning before I left this dear family for Conference, I wrote my full name

upon the wall of the room where I had lodged the night before, and the remaining family while attending the funeral services of their brother at Dexter, informed me that their parents would never have the name erased, and it remained until the old house was removed, to give place to a new one. Such was the kindness and respect they had for their young pastor; and may I so live, that when I am done with this world I may meet these honored ones in Heaven, where pastors and members will meet to part no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MICHIGAN AS A TERRITORY.

DURING the administration of Thomas Jefferson, as President of the United States, in 1805, that part of the Northwestern Territory called Wayne county, was organized under a special Territorial Government by the name of Michigan, including about fifty-six thousand square miles, with a population of some less than four thousand inhabitants. During the first six years, emigration to Michigan was quite limited, owing to the unsettled condition of affairs between the United States and the British Government. After the war of 1812, peace being restored, this new Territory, with its alluvial soil, extensive pineries and mineral deposits, commenced fast filling up with a population, principally from the Eastern States, of young married people, full of zeal and enterprise, giving character and stability to this new Republic.

And as Methodism has always been the pioneer Church, flanking emigration, and carrying the Gospel to all lands and to all classes of human beings, so it was in this new and promising Territory

Michigan was first supplied with the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church from the New York and

Genesee Conferences. Joseph Sawyer and William Case were sent out as missionaries to Detroit as early as in 1809, and since that time with the exception of two years, at the close of the war of 1812, Michigan has been regularly supplied with the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church until the present day. There are now two Methodist Conferences in the State, with about six hundred regular itinerant ministers, and between seventy-five and eighty thousand Church members, and Methodism occupies an important position in Michigan, as to its moral and religious influence with colleges, seminaries, meeting houses and parsonages and all other Church advantages or improvements. Grand and noble has been the fruit from the early planting of the Church since 1828, and I am pleased to know I had a part in this noble work, a beardless youth more than half a century ago.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MICHIGAN.

I propose now to furnish a few items connected with my ministry in the Michigan Territory, at an early day, which may be of interest to my readers as a specimen of pioneer life.

ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCE.—MY FIRST ATTEMPT IN MATRIMONIAL AFFAIRS.

There were two well-to-do farmers living near each other, a promising young man Henry——, belonging

to one of the families, and an interesting young lady Mary——, belonging to the other, had pledged their youthful affections and entered into solemn pledges of matrimony. Their intentions being made known created some unpleasantness and dissatisfaction between these two families. In order to alienate them a young lady from Detroit was introduced into the neighborhood, with the hope that Henry's affections would be turned in that direction. It was not long before poor Mary was deserted. Occasionally when they met at Church or other places, and he admitted his early attachment, Mary reminded Henry of his solemn vows, but all appeared to be in vain as to any reconciliation, as his affections were now placed upon the young lady who had just entered upon her profession as teacher of the young children in the neighborhood. Mary with her unyielding affection was determined to have one more interview with Henry, and inform him of her unhappy condition. Learning that he was about to start to Orchard Lake, upon his usual recreation of hunting and fishing, on a beautiful afternoon, the woods being gay with flowers, and the forest clothed in beauty and verdure, Mary put on her sun-bonnet, and without the knowledge of Henry or her friends, followed him into the woods, concealing her presence behind small timber or under growth, as she pursued her journey. The young man having reached his accustomed place for fishing,

stood his gun against a large oak tree, and started out upon a tree that had fallen, the top of which had extended into the lake, and seating himself on the log, commenced his finny sport. Mary having approached within a short distance, concealing herself behind a tree waiting his return, when to her horror and surprise she discovered a large panther coming down the tree where Henry had placed his gun, and then making toward the object of his prey, already having advanced on the fallen tree. The young man's attention being attracted by the noise of the savage animal, he looked up and discovered his helpless condition, with no possibility of escape. He commenced screaming; this checked the animal for a moment, and it was now preparing to make the final spring. Meanwhile Mary had hastened to the tree where the gun was standing, and taking up the loaded rifle, the use of which she was accustomed to, and placing it against the tree with determined accuracy, she fired, and the fearful animal rolled from the log into the lake.

Then with a shout of triumph and tears of joy flowing down her cheeks, she showed herself to him who had been unmindful of her happiness. Henry now discovered the object of his neglect, who had pursued him with affection, and in a most remarkable manner had saved him from a fearful death. Rushing into her arms, he pledged himself

to her through life, declaring that she should be his wife regardless of all others. On my next round of appointments, I visited the parents of these young persons, and in a measure reconciled their feelings. I solemnized the marriage of Henry and Mary, which was the happiest event of their lives, and knowing all the circumstances, was a pleasing event to myself. It was the first marriage in my itineracy or early ministry. The last account I had from this happy couple, they were pleasantly situated in Minnesota. The two dollars which I received as the wedding fee, I gave to the bride, with the request that she would purchase a Bible, in remembrance of the young minister, and if this is still in existence, it retains the name of the doner and the time of marriage.

Why not give their names? Because it is not essential. Should you meet a prominent lawyer in California with my given name, you can ask him who married his parents, and in what State or Territory.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Charles Prouty and his wife had settled in the Michigan Territory at an early day. They were called in the Providence of God to part with their only child, an infant babe. Being informed of their sad bereavement, I concluded to visit them and impart such comfort as their circumstances might re-

quire. I found them in a very unpleasant state of mind. The lady informed me that she had been educated by religious parents, and had been taught to believe the Bible, and that there was a God of infinite mercy, but now she had lost all confidence in any such a being; if there was a God, he was not what she had supposed him to be; she had prayed day and night that he would spare the life of her child, but God had paid no respect to her prayers or tears.

I said to her: "Permit me to ask you a few questions before you censure God too much. When your child was taken sick, did you pray that it might be restored to health; did you believe there was a God, and that he would hear and answer your prayer, and that your child would live; or did you believe that it must die, being so very sick?" "I never believed that it would live; neither did my husband, and the doctor expressed his doubts as to its recovery." "I should suppose, then, you would have the utmost confidence in God, and would feel that he had heard and answered your prayer. According to what you say, you had faith to believe that the child would die, and it did die. God heard and answered your prayer, according to your faith. The efficacy of prayer consists in the faith, and not in the words we may use." "Oh, dear me!" she cried, "how could I have been so unwise as to suppose that God would hear and answer my prayer when I had no faith to believe that he would?"

"My dear strange friends," I remarked, "I want you to remember that the Bible your parents taught you to believe, says without faith it is impossible to please God. You and your companion have asked me an important question which is not very easily answered: If there is a God, why did he permit your child to die? If God is an infinite being, knowing all things in the future as in the past, he may have taken your child from the evil to come. However, I will give you my opinion, and you can make your own application. It is said a shepherd had grazed his flock upon the green pastures, and at night he removed them to the fold. There was one, however, that refused to go along with the rest, preferring to remain with her lamb. He had called her and had influenced her to come to the fold, but all in vain. He now picked up the lamb and placed it in his bosom, and took it to the fold; and soon the parent mother came, and was as much pleased to meet her lamb, as if he had never taken it from her, and now both were safely housed. My dear strange friends, Christ is the great shepherd, and Heaven is His fold. The lamb is your precious child, and the blessed Savior has taken it to His fold, where it is safe from all harm, and as the parents of that child you are still in the field, and have not as yet made any attempt to meet your child in heaven. What say you; will you go, or will you still remain in sin? I must leave you to decide this important question

If you have no objections, we will have a word of prayer, and then I must go to my appointment. Do not forget the little lamb in the heavenly fold—waiting at the gate for you to come." I am pleased to say soon after I left, these dear ones knelt in prayer, and there and then promised by the help of God they would live so as to meet their child in heaven. Before I left the circuit they had made a profession of religion and united with the Church; their house became a preaching place for the neighborhood. They remained faithful and active Christians, living to meet their child where sickness and sorrow never come.

SAD AND SOLEMN SCENE.

Starting in company with my colleague, Brother Snow, when Michigan Territory was quite a wilderness, for the purpose of visiting an Indian Reservation, and learning from them what the prospect was of introducing the Gospel among them, we came upon a clearing and a log cabin near what is now Isabella county. Brother Snow proposed stopping to refresh ourselves, and obtain feed for our horses. As we approached the door, a young man, perhaps twenty-five or thirty years of age, who appeared feeble and emaciated and careworn, rose to meet us; with tearful eyes and trembling lips he told us of his grief, and said he thought we had come in answer to his prayers.

He stated that he had been alone with his deceased wife two days. She had passed from earth to Heaven after a brief illness. He was some distance from any white settlement, and no one had passed that way and he could not leave her to go for help. He had made her a coffin out of a cupboard they had brought from York State, and prepared a shroud from one of their sheets, and her grave under the tree on the hillside where their little boy was buried who came into the wilderness with them. We walked across the room which contained all that belonged to their humble tenement. In the rough coffin lay the sweet young wife, with hands meekly folded over her heart, which would never more throb with joy or grief. We were moved to tears as we looked upon her face, upturned to Heaven as if asking for shelter and rest. We thought of the devotion and love which had operated to bring her to this lonely comfortless home, to share the hardship and poverty of her young husband. There was something touching in the thought that she had sacrificed and suffered even unto death, with no hand to smooth her pillow or utter words of love or sympathy except her husband. They two had lived for each other, but at an unexpected moment the Angel Death had come and taken her, who had been his sole companion and dearest earthly friend. The young husband stooped and kissed the pale motionless face of her he loved, and his tears watered

the wild flowers he had placed upon her bosom. His heart seemed too full for words, as he realized again that she could not respond to his caresses, nor move her lips in words. We explained to him that we were ministers, journeying through the country for missionary purposes, and were thankful God had directed us this way that we might be with him in this hour of sorrow and need, and assist him in the last sad rites, which were necessary to be performed. He brought forward a pocket Bible, from which I read several comforting selections, and Brother Snow offered prayer. We closed the coffin and carried it to the grave, followed only by him who was left indeed desolate and alone. Nothing but the words of him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," can console one bereft of all they hold dear. After filling the grave, with a broken spade, and placing the sod on the earth, we repaired to the house and made some inquiries as to his future course. He stated that he desired to return to York State if he could get there. He was reduced in health and means, and had no heart to make any effort. We gave him a small sum of money and commended him to God, in whom he could trust in life or in death. We took our departure sadder and wiser men for having seen this desolate home in the wilderness, and being made acquainted with the sadness and sorrows of these young people.

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

In 1826 two families had emigrated from Rochester, New York, and had settled in the new Territory of Michigan, some seven or eight miles from Pontiac, and had commenced improving their rural homes. These two young men were brothers and had married sisters, all of whom were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Living some distance from any moral or religious influence, and neglecting the means of grace, the men had yielded to the baneful influence of intemperance, and were fast driving to ruin. This was very trying to their companions, who had made them a subject of their prayers, but all to little or no effect as to any permanent reformation. Being somewhat discouraged, they had concluded to give them up in hopeless despair.

My preaching in the rural village of Pontiac had attracted some interest, being small of my age, and young in my personal appearance. As I stood behind the judge's table in the log court house, it required some effort to see me. Hence a report had been circulated that I was much less in stature than I really was, and many persons were attracted to the Church through curiosity to see and hear the boy-preacher; some of these persons were from quite a distance, and among this number were the two families of Spragues, who had emigrated from York State.

I took for my text these words, "She hath done what she could," *Mark* xiv. 8.

Speaking from these words, I illustrated my subject, stating that a good beginning did not always insure a happy conclusion; many persons have started well in life, and in the enjoyment of religion and bid fair for usefulness in the Church, and failed for the want of decision and perseverance. Such was the case in regard to Lot's wife, commencing well and might have been saved from Divine displeasure, provided she had not given way to doubt or unbelief. These two Spragues and their wives returned home with favorable impressions, and that evening the two sisters concluded that they had not done all they could for the conversion of their husbands, and renewed their covenant that they would pray for them every day as long as they lived, and they would commence that very night, and plead with God as they had never before. About midnight the husband of the elder sister requested his wife to get up and pray for him, that he might be saved from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. It was not long before he found peace in believing. They started to go to his brother's with the hope of encouraging them, and when within about a mile of their home they met them coming with the same delightful intelligence, that about midnight God had converted her husband, and now they made the wild forest ring

with their shouts of joy, and thanksgiving to God for what he had done in answer to their prayers.

This circumstance was such a plain and satisfactory answer to prayer, I recorded it in my diary, and hope that it may encourage others to go and do likewise. What we cannot do ourselves God is disposed to do for us, but when we pray for that which we can do ourselves God has never promised to answer, and it is useless to expect it. Fred Douglass once said he prayed for twenty years that God would help him out of slavery, but God did not until he took to his heels. Then he helped him out. It is the privilege of every Christian to use the means, and then leave the event with God.

Soon after the conversion of these men we commenced preaching at the house of the Elder, Mr. Sprague, and formed a small class, and I am pleased to say these two excellent families remained faithful and devoted Christians during our administration on the Oakland Circuit, and whether dead or alive it was a victory worth laboring for, the conversion of their companions for whom they had sacrificed the pleasure of a beautiful home in the East to commence life with them in a new country, far, far away from parents and loved ones most dear.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURNING TO OHIO.

In 1829 I was employed by the Presiding Elder of Portland District, Rev. Russel Bigelow, to travel on Holmes Circuit in company with Rev. John C. Havens, of precious memory, one among the excellent ones of earth, a man of medium preaching ability, but wonderful in exhortation and powerful in prayer. This brother traveled several years with great acceptability, and at last superannuated and settled in Delaware, Ohio, where he lived and died honored and respected by all who knew him. Holmes Circuit embraced a large area of country, extending into Coshocton, Tuscarawas, Knox, Wayne, Medina, Portage, or that part now included in Summit, and all of Holmes county.

Millersburg, the county seat, was the center of operations in 1829, and was a small rural village with but few inhabitants. It was laid out on the bank of Kilbeck in 1824, by Charles Miller and Adam Johnson, and the first lots were sold on the 4th day of January of the same year. The Seceders built the first meeting house in 1830, and the Methodist Episcopal Church was erected in 1833. The popu-

lation of Millersburg in 1829, at the time of our ministry in this place, was 294. Among the early inhabitants in and about this place were as follows: Seth Hunt, Wm. Painter, Samuel Henry, George Stout, Samuel McDonell, R. K. Enos, John Smurr, John Glasgowe, Thomas Haskins, James Withrowe, James McKeennan, Jonathan Korn. Holmes county was formed out of Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Wayne counties in 1834, and the population of this county in 1829 was 9,123, and was named after a gallant officer of the war of 1812, who was killed in the unsuccessful attack upon Mackinac under Col. Croghan. The principal inhabitants of Holmes county in its early settlement were from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and they were a noble class of pioneers, and, when converted, were staunch and stable Christians.

On Doughty's fork, some eight miles from the county seat, Methodism took like wildfire. At the camp meeting at this place at the close of the Conference year, there were some over five hundred conversions, and at the close of Bigelow's sermon describing the Judgment Day, more than a thousand rose for prayers. This was the noted year for the Methodist Church on these mountain tops and in these fertile valleys.

On this charge was where Dr. Charles Elliott first settled, and distinguished as the Irish linguist, with

more influence and popularity than Solomon in all of his glory, with his Mormon wives and numerous porcupines.

In the eastern part of this County is a settlement of Dunkards, who speak the German language. They are excellent farmers and live in good style. The men wear long beards and shad-bellied coats, with hooks and eyes instead of buttons. The females wear short gowns, caps without frills, and when doing out-door work they wear broad brimmed straw hats. A most excellent class of people.

It was during this year, in 1829, that I preached in Akron, in a warehouse owned by Mr. Green, and standing near the canal. During this year I formed the first class and established the first Sabbath School in what is now the City of Akron. I propose to say, regardless of all other Church historians, that no Methodist minister ever preached in Akron at an earlier day than myself. It was in this place where I first became acquainted with my now sainted wife, and many of her relations are still living, and are well known in Akron as among the first settlers. Charles Brown, his children and grandchildren and others of my relatives are well acquainted with my early ministry in Akron and vicinity.

At the close of this Conference year I was recommended to the Ohio Conference, to be held at Lan-

caster, Ohio, Sept. 8th, 1830, and during the session of this Conference thirty-three ministers were received on trial, the most of whom were young men like myself. But few now remain of this number. William Young, of the Cincinnati Conference; Ezekiel S. Gavitt, of the North Ohio Conference, and myself, are about the only survivors. Wm. Morrow, Leonard Hill, E. B. Chase and Elam Day were among the number who have departed this life, and will be remembered by the older ministers of the Central Ohio Conference as among our early associates, About the last of Brother Day's traveling, was with myself on the Galena Circuit. The allowance made for our support was $150 for Brother Day and $125 for myself. This was principally paid in provisions, or such articles as the membership could well spare. I had taken the most of mine in cheese and wool. The wool I had carded, spun, wove and made into blankets, and disposed of these blankets in getting such things as we needed, and paying house rent. At the close of the Conference year, at the final settlement, Brother Day had collected and used in the support of his family some sixteen dollars more than his share of the quarterage and was destitute of means to refund this amount. The Stewards appealed to me to know what I was disposed to do in this case. As this amount was coming to me, and had been eaten up by Brother

Day's children, I proposed that the Stewards sell Benny, one of the boys, and, as I had no boy, I would bid on him. But if Sister Day objected, then the Stewards had better make up the deficiency, but if not disposed to do this, then square the books and say no more. Rev. Benjamin W Day, of the Central Ohio Conference, was at that day the boy I proposed to have the Stewards sell, but for some reason his mother thought he was worth more than the sixteen dollars coming to me.

I have heard this Rev. Brother say he well remember the meagre support received by his father, and wondered that he was able to support his family and furnish his children with as good an education as he did. But such was the itineracy at an early day, and the planting of Methodism in Ohio, which can hardly be realized by the present ministry, and the pleasure of the membership in supplying their wants with reasonable salary.

CHAPTER XX.

FIRST APPOINTMENT IN CONFERENCE.

In 1830 I was assigned to the Black River Circuit in company with Cyrus S. Carpenter, an excellent Christian brother of ordinary ministerial ability. He was favored with a superior educated companion and a very kind and sweet dispositioned lady.

She was a valuable accession to the charge, and contributed largely to the usefulness of her husband. My colleague's salary was small, and this but poorly paid. To avoid expense he spent much of his time upon the work. Being the owner of a small wagon and a horse, he would put his cat and dog on board, and then his trunk, wife and child, and tying his cow behind the vehicle with a long rope, so as to follow, and start out for a month's campaign among the saints. Some were much pleased to see the caravan, and made the brother and his family welcome; a few others, being fastidious and more penurious, were somewhat displeased, and wondered why he did not have his sow and pigs along with him. However, this class of persons were among those who were forever grumbling that the preachers did not visit enough, and from whom it was hard

work to collect quarterage. In after life I found a few of this class of persons, who would ask me if my horse was too warm to eat straw, as hay was worth ten dollars a ton.

By this kind of pastoral work the people were well supplied with visiting and was a grand arrangement for me, as the relief from pastoral work gave me time for my Conference studies. The examination at Conference was, in some respects, more precise than at the present day.

Brother Carpenter's second marriage was somewhat unpleasant, and soon after he became despondent and asked for a location. Some years previous to his death he settled upon a small tract of land in Wood County, Ohio, living much of the time solitary and alone until his demise. He was buried by the members of the Church in the cemetery near the Lacarp Church, Ottawa county, Ohio. Some ten years after, attending a Quarterly Meeting in this section, and learning of his death, I visited his lonely resting place and found the grave covered with thorns and thistles. Meditating upon the past, my heart was made sad; I knelt and asked God to be a father to the fatherless, and remember in mercy the two orphan children, bereaved of parents, alone among strangers and without means, embarrassed by misfortunes, and the poverty connected with the early itineracy of their pious and devoted Christian

parents. Black River Circuit was another extensive charge, bounded on the north by Lake Erie, on the south by Wayne county, on the east by the Cuyahoga and on the west by the Fire Lands. This Circuit included about one-third of the territory now in the North Ohio Conference, and was at this day in the Portland District, which extended as far south as Delaware, Delaware County, Ohio. There was but one Methodist meeting-house within the bounds of this extensive charge, which was said to be the only one on the Western Reserve. This meeting-house was commenced in 1827 but was not finished until in 1830, and was in that year dedicated by the Presiding Elder, Rev. Russel Bigelow, at our first Quarterly Meeting in the early part of Conference year. The history of this rural Church may be of some interest to my reader as to early Methodism on the Western Reserve. I will give a brief description of this log temple, which was built after the fashion of the early pioneers. It was constructed of round logs and was some thirty feet in length, twelve feet wide and about eight feet high, with a puncheon floor and a clapboard roof, with four windows, two on each side filled with oiled white paper. This Church was finished and completed from top to bottom, with something less than one pound of nails, which I purchased in Cleveland, and were used in finishing the door and pulpit, and a small table for communion

purposes. The principal expenditure in the erection of this house was the time spent in the controversy where the Church should be located, and the means to be raised for the completion of this building, as I have in my possession the minutes and the proceedings of the Quarterly Conferences and the final action of the trustees.

The committee at last decided to build at Wellington, a small village of some importance near the center of the circuit, or at least this place would be the most eligible site in accommodating both the north and the south, and the names of the following brethren as trustees consented to this arrangement: Stanton Sholes, Morgan Jordon, Aaron Root, John Hazzard, James Vanosdall, Asa Hamilton, Cornelius Vanderburg, Thomas Cole, Charles Abby.

The erection of this Church was decidedly an important event in the economy of Methodism, being the central point of operation for all public meetings. It was a sad mistake when this early temple was destroyed. It should have been preserved as a memento of the early planting of Methodism on the Western Reserve, and as the first Methodist Church. Elyria was headquarters or the center point of radiation, and the most important place or charge there was within the bounds of this work. It was a beautiful little rural village, with some seven or eight hundred inhabitants, and was com-

menced by the proprietor, Heman Ely, who built the first house in the place in 1817. This village was located upon a peninsula formed by the forks of Black river, and near the town are two noted falls, of forty feet perpendicular descent. At the falls on the west fork, the scenery is wild and picturesque, the rocks are lofty and overhang the valley for perhaps some thirty feet. At this point is a large cavern of semi-circular form, some seventy feet deep and one hundred feet broad at the entrance, with a level floor, and wall from five to nine feet high, furnishing a delightful retreat during the heat of the summer day.

Lorain county was formed out of the counties of Huron, Cuyahoga and Medina, December 26th, 1822, and during our administration in 1830 there were about six thousand inhabitants in the county, who were principally from the Eastern States, with all their Yankee notions and wooden nutmeg enterprises. Presbyterian and Congregational Churches prevailed, and Calvinism predominated.

There were a few of the enterprising ones of Elyria who had contemplated building a Methodist meeting house in this place, as it appeared to be essential to the interest of Methodism. The old yellow school house, the only place for public worship by all denominations, was a source of contention as to the day and right of occupancy. How-

ever, taking all things into consideration, it was thought best to build a house in the first place for the married minister, who would most likely settle in Elyria, and the erection of such a building would secure the patronage of the entire charge.

As it may be of interest to some of my readers to know who they were at that early day who helped to build the first parsonage that was ever erected on the Western Reserve by the Methodist Episcopal Church, I will give the proceedings of the commencement of the enterprise as recorded in my diary: "We, the members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church, being within the bounds of the Black River Circuit, seeing that the preachers who are sent to labor with us in the Gospel, from time to time, suffer many inconveniences owing to their sudden transition from place to place, find it in many instances extremely difficult to procure suitable houses for their families, and as the Book of Discipline of said Church advises the erection of suitable houses in the several charges in order to remedy this evil, and, whereas, the committee appointed by the Quarterly Meeting Conference of said Church held at Grafton, Lorain County, Ohio, December 26, 1829, consisting of Lewis Ely, George Gilbert, Hiram Emmonds, Clark Eldred and William Peters are authorized to select a suitable site, and adopt such measures as shall be most likely to effect

the object; and, whereas, as the said Committee have fixed upon Elyria as a suitable place, Therefore, we the undersigned do agree to pay to the said Committee or to some person duly authorized to receive the same, the several sums annexed to our names, either in money, labor, material or grain—the labor to be performed and the material to be delivered within six months; the grain to be paid within one year, and the money within one year in four quarterly payments. Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio February 12, 1830."

NAMES OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Stanton Sholes, George E. Gilbert, Raymond Starr, Anson Kinney, Pheneas Johnson, Joseph Rea, Wing Walker, Heber G. Sekins, Wm. Peters, Morgan Jordon, Hiram Smith, Eliah Park, Clark Eldred, Watterman Sweet, William Long, Cornelius Seely, Charles Abby, Alex Porter, Phillip Bizzard, John Marsh, Wm. Goodwin, Lindsay Bennett, John Sparr, Francis Herrick, James Vanosdall, Moses Eldred, D. B. Packer, Levi Mills, Liman Howk, Asa Hamilton, I. W. Crosby, D. C. Hecock, Joab Marsh, Elijah Adams, Thomas Cook, Orin Hurlbut, Thos. Briggs, John Adams, Alvin Briggs, Philiip Bradford, Thos. Briggs jr., H. F. Adams, John Barnum, Wm. Jordon, Lorenzo D. Rowe, Herman Clark, Harris Emmons, Thomas Cole, James McMel-

lon, Henry R. Ferris, Ruel Long, Lewis Ely, Samuel Taylor, David Powers, Cornelius Vanderburg, J. B. Andrews, Aaron Root.

These were the names of the first subscribers and the amounts signed were from one dollar up to ten, the principal part to be paid in work or grain. Capt. Stanton Sholes gave a lot for the house and signed twenty dollars in money, but failing to have the money at the time it became due, he and his wife, Mrs. Lucy Sholes, turned out all of their gold and silverware in the house to pay the debt. During this Conference year we were favored with a glorious revival in Elyria, and some twenty or more accessions to the Church. Among this number was the conversion of Lawyer E. Hamline. Soon after he became a local minister of more than ordinary preaching ability. Among the early membership of Elyria in 1836, were R. L. Howard, M. D., and wife, S. Strong, M. D., and wife, S. W Bauldwin and wife, Edward R. Jewett, exhorter, and wife, and others of precious memory.

METHODISM IN OBERLIN.

I claim to have been the first Methodist minister who ever attempted to establish Methodism in Oberlin. Some eight miles southwest of Elyria is the thriving village of Oberlin, so named after Rev. John Frederick Oberlin, pastor of Waldback, Switz-

erland. He was born in Strasburg, in 1840, and died at Waldback in 1826. Rev. John J. Shipherd was the principal person who established the present town sight. In August, 1832, Mr. Shipherd rode over the ground for inspection. It was at that time a dense forest, low, wet, and an unpromising sight for a town. However, having the promise by Messrs. Street and Hughes, of New Haven, Conn., of five hundred acres of land, in 1832 Mr. Shipherd, in company with a few others, established the present site on which the college buildings now stand in Oberlin. In 1833–4 a charter for University privileges was granted by the Ohio Legislature. Soon after this, improvement commenced in this new village, and immigration towards the Oberlin colony. In 1834 the board of trustees, in counsel assembled, resolved to open the school for the reception of colored persons of both sexes, and to extend equal rights to all persons of good moral character, male or female. In January, 1835, Messrs. Mahan, Finney and Morgan were appointed as teachers. Such was the beginning and the present prospect of this prosperous institution of learning in the village of Oberlin, Lorain county, Ohio. There were some things connected with the official members of this institution of learning at an early day in my ministry, which were not as pleasant as I could have wished, owing to their desire for monopoly and exclusive right of Church membership,

which of late years has become more favorable and satisfactory. A number of students belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church desired the ministry of their own denomination while attending their college course. The Oberlinites, as they were recognized, had so modified their Church polity that any person professing Christianity could unite with them without relinquishing their peculiar faith, and this was considered a sufficient justification for their exclusive right of Church membership.

However there were some privileges which Methodist students preparing for the ministry could not have in the Oberlin Church, and which some of these students wished to enjoy before they had finished their education. The Presbyterian Church could not give them license as exhorters or as local preachers. Accordingly, being requested to establish preaching and to organize a class, I requested a Methodist brother of Elyria, who was well acquainted with Oberlin and members of the faculty, to go and visit the place and ascertain of the president and faculty if they had any objection to my preaching and establishing a Methodist class or Church in the village of Oberlin, supposing they had the right to say, as they had settled and opened an institution of learning on their own premises. The reply, as I was informed by Mr. Heber Sekins, "If Mr. Gavitt thinks he can preach any better than the faculty, then he can come." I presume this was not meant in earnest.

When I arrived in Oberlin and asked the privilege of their Church or the music hall as a place for public worship, they objected, stating there was no need of any other Church, and they preferred not to have any other Church organization in their village. I understood Mr. Sekins to say you had no objections, providing I thought I could preach better than the faculty. "Do you think you can?" "If I did not I should not be here. And if you have any doubt, give me a chance and then judge for yourselves." Mr. Finney said they had purchased and settled in Russia, for the purpose of building up an institution of learning, and they proposed to keep the place free from any conflicting influences."

"Well," said I, "my good brother, that may be all right and the best thing for your Church and the Institution, but it was somewhat unfortunate that the Lord had not been informed of that fact in time. Then he would have said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature—except in Oberlin.' There they want the exclusive right of Church membership, and no Methodist interference whatever." Mr. Finney, in the goodness of his heart smiled, and said, "Well, Mr. Gavitt, we will take the subject under consideration, and will give you an answer." But for some cause this was forgotten or overlooked in the matters of more importance with them.

However, I secured a place in the house of Rev.

Safford, a local minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and commenced preaching and formed a class of some twenty members, and by the consent of this society, licensed three young men to exhort, Mr. Fairbanks, Peat, and George Woodruff. Mr. Fairbanks went South as a missionary among the colored people. Mr. Peat went East and became a useful and popular minister in Pennsylvania. Mr. Woodruff for many years was a member of the New York Conference, and filled many of their best charges, and was the Secretary of the last two General Conferences. I was much attached to this excellent brother. While pursuing his collegiate course, he made my house his home during his leisure days. We met but seldom after he went East, but continued our correspondence for a number of years. The last pleasant interview with him was at the late General Conference held at Cincinnati, in May, 1880, where we spent some time together renewing our early acquaintance. At this time he appeared to be in perfect health, and was master of his honorable position. But oh! how frail is human life. Since penning these few lines of early days, I have been informed that Rev. Dr. George W Woodruff is no more. Precious Brother; if God has smiled and bid thee come, and thy faithful work on earth is done, why should I complain or mourn thy death, when all is well.

My dear and honored friend, farewell and peace to thy honored worth.

IMPROMPTU REPLY.

As I have before stated, the School House in Elyria was the only place for public worship, and was occupied by all denominations in turn.

One Sabbath morning as I was about ready to take my text, the pastor of the Campbellite Church came in with his flock, and demanded the house, as it was his day for preaching. Not being disposed to have any controversy with him, I turned and asked Brother Hamline if we could have his house to preach in. He at once consented, and I then invited the membership and others to meet me at that place. As we were leaving and but few remaining, the Campbellite minister rose and said with an air of triumph: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion."

Father Hamline had reached the door, but turning around and facing the minister returned the compliment, "A prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on, and are punished." This apt quotation and stinging reply, had a salutary effect and did much to lessen the minister's influence in the community. Jebez Hamline was a local preacher and had been an itinerant minister in one of the Eastern Conferences. His wife and children

were members, and their influence was favorable to the interest of Methodism in Elyria. But few of this family are left. The most of them have entered their reward on high.

DANCING HALL IN DOVER.

During this year we were favored with a glorious revival of religion at Dover Center. Methodism had never been introduced in this place. The Presbyterians had a church and were the leading denomination. There being no convenient place for public worship as we were denied the use of the school house, the next best thing was to rent Mr. Asa Blood's ball room, this being at the center of the town. I was to pay him five dollars a day and night, and the landlord was to be present during public service, and assist in keeping order. Having no money to advance, I turned him over my horse and equipage as collateral security. I continued the meeting four weeks, preaching and praying day and night, without any assistance.

During this time there were fifty-six conversions and forty-four accessions to the Church. Among this number was the landlord and his wife, Mrs. Wood, wife of Ex-Governor Wood, of Ohio, who were living at this time in Rock Port; also two young ladies by the name of Atwell. The eldest sister became the wife of Rev. A. N. Fillmore, D. D.,

of the East Genesee Conference, and the younger sister the wife of Rev. William L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., now Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Blood and his family some years after settled in Laport, near Elyria, and for many years he was an active member in the Church as a steward, leader and trustee. His only daughter became the wife of Rev. William Seeley, for many years a member of the North Ohio Conference, but now of the Erie Conference. The conversion of Mr. Blood and his family was a very great relief to me, as this cancelled all my indebtedness to him, restored to me my horse and equipage, and the ball room was consecrated as a place for public worship to the interest of the Church and the glory of God.

Methodism was fully established in Dover, and the influence of this meeting felt along the Lake Shore, through Avon and extended to Ohio City, West of Cleveland, and was a fine opening all along the Eastern and Southern line of the Western Reserve. Grand and glorious were the future results of this meeting, and contributed largely to the welfare and prosperity of the Black River Circuit. It was in this section of the country and near Avon, Lorain County, where I first became acquainted with Rev. Joseph Wykes, a local minister fresh from England, and but little acquainted with American Methodism. I employed him to travel with me for

a few months, and from this section of the country he was recommended and admitted into Conference, and for many years has been an acceptable member of the Central Ohio Conference, and is now recognized as among the fathers, and like others, will soon be politely invited to retire among the superanuates and travel with others on the poverty road leading to Heaven.

PASTOR'S SALARY.

In 1830, at the time I commenced preaching on the Western Reserve, the salary of a Methodist minister was a meagre affair. My colleague was allowed $175 for himself, wife and child; I was allowed, being a young man, $75. These salaries were to be paid in such things as the people could well spare. My colleague, spending much of his time on the work among the people, was enabled to help himself and his family on *deck*. I preferred boarding during my rest days and to pay for my board in such things as I received, and proposed to take my share of the quarterage in *black salts*, as this was the next thing to money.

And, as it may be of interest to some of my readers to know what I mean by this commodity, I will explain. The first time I became acquainted with this product was among these Yankees on this Reserve, and what a Yankee can not invent and make it pay

is not worth having. The method pursued by a new settler to clear his farm is first to cut down all the underbrush, which he piles into heaps, he then begins to fell the trees and to cut them into such lengths as may be drawn by one yoke of oxen. The limbs are next cut off and carefully thrown into heaps. After he has gone through as much land as he wishes to clear, which is called a *fallow*, he leaves it lying there during the summer for the purpose of drying, and then about the middle of August sets it on fire, which runs over the whole ground, burning up all the leaves, limbs and rubbish. After the fire has done its first execution, the settler makes a *bee*, inviting a number of his neighbors to come and help him log and pile the large timber which the fire did not consume. He provides a gallon or more of whisky, a plenty of good cold water, kills a deer or turkey, or a few chickens. His wife provides butter, honey, cakes and cheese, and about half a bushel of pumpkin pies, tea, coffee and all other good things. As an act of kindness all turn out on the day appointed, with their wives to assist the lady of the house in preparing the supper for all hands when the work of the day was ended.

The men enter the field, some with axes and others with teams, and commence chopping and drawing the logs to various parts of the ground, which are then piled up by means of hand spikes. In this way

some eight or ten persons who are accustomed to this kind of work will log up several acres ready for burning in a single afternoon, and by a little attention in rolling the brands together the whole of the timber is soon burned up. These log heaps are generally set on fire early in the evening, and by the dampness of the night will burn much better than in the day time, and are principally consumed by morning. As soon as the ground has been harrowed a few times, it is prepared for seeding. But before this is done one of the essential things is to save all the ashes, which are drawn off the ground and put into a dry place until seeding time is over. The process by which these ashes are manufactured and made into *black salts* is by leaching them and boiling down the lye into a thick substance until it is much like domestic hard soap, and when well prepared can be cut into cakes and packed into boxes or barrels ready for market, and is used for various purposes. It is converted into pearlash, salaratus, and is used in coloring and the manufacturing of glassware. On the Western Reserve at an early day it was a very great help to the new beginner. New land prepared as above stated, sown with winter wheat, produces an excellent crop, and furnishes in the late fall and early spring, a delightful pasture for wild animals. In Spencer township, Medina county, Ohio, in one of these new fields of wheat, I counted sixty-nine deers in one drove, and in Wellington township, in Lorain

county, on the farm owned by Brother Bradley, I went out in the afternoon to prepare a sermon for the coming Sabbath, and while secreted in a ticket of undergrowth, towards evening the deers commenced entering the new wheat field until I counted fifty-four deers and three large elks. A beautiful sight. The Black River country, in 1830, abounded with wild game.

RINGLETS AND RELIGION

At the close of the conference year on the Black River Circuit, I became favorably acquainted with a young lady raised and educated by Capt. Stanton Sholes and his lady, Mrs. Sholes being her sister. She had just returned home from school, having graduated at the Western Reserve College at Hudderson, Ohio. Of the merits of this young lady much had been said. She was the subject of the following article, contributed to the *Ladies' Repository*, by a popular young minister. It happily describes the prejudice at that early day against dress and personal decoration:

"I suppose," said the young minister, "Miss Sophia, we shall soon see those curls laid aside."

The remark was made in a pleasant tone, and with a smile; yet there was an expression of the countenance which evinced that he was serious and meant what he said.

"I do not know, indeed, sir, but I think not," re-

plied the fair girl, lifting her eyes from a book she had in her hand, and modestly looking the minister in the face. "I hope to be truly pious, but I think it will make no difference in my feelings on this subject, for certainly, religion does not consist in dress, and as to my curls, I am sure I am not proud of them. Do you think I am, Lucy," turning to her sister, who had just then entered the room. Mrs. Sholes was a pious sensible woman. She looked her young sister kindly in the face, and paused for a moment.

At length she replied, "I am sure I cannot say; your own conscience, Sophia, will give the best answer to that question."

Again she repeated the same sentiment which she had expressed before: "I do not think it is pride, indeed I don't."

The minister smiled and said, "Well, we shall see." And, as he well knew that before these things are seen in their true light the heart must be renewed, he dismissed the subject, lest fixing her thoughts too exclusively on minor matters, the one thing needful might be forgotten.

Sophia J. Halsey was an orphan. How many tender things cluster around that word. But we stop not to dwell on them now. The love of the older sister was much like that of a mother. Such a sister had Miss Sophia, whose care and love were

extended to form her mind to virtue and excellency. The husband of Mrs. Sholes was also interested in her welfare, and watched over her as a tender plant, and with affectionate liberality supplied the place of a father. Her education was well attended to, and this kindness she repaid by such assiduous application to her studies as left her without a superior in intelligence and science among her young associates. Seventeen summers had strewn their flowers in her pathway. She was graceful in person and unassuming in her manners, delicate as the lily, and almost as pale; nevertheless she possessed a mind disposed to sober thoughts, and a physical constitution much more vigorous than her appearance indicated.

Mr. Sholes and his family had moved to North Amherst, a small village in Lorain county, Ohio. Here, at the request of the principal citizens, Miss Halsey consented to become the instructor of the youth in the village. The school house was built of round logs, after the fashion of the times, and stood on the brow of a hill.

In this humble edifice did Miss Halsey commence the instruction of the youth of Amherst, a work for which she subsequently evinced superior qualifications. Thus, instead of wasting the morning of life in idleness and inactivity, she entered a path of usefulness which led her in after life to become the preceptress of a high school of much celebrity, and to

aid in improving the minds and manners of young ladies of distinguished families. Her services were sought for, and at last obtained by Rev. Henry O. Sheldon, the agent of the Norwalk Academy and Presiding Elder of the Norwalk District, and this was the first school of any note or importance in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio. Soon after this Rev. J. E. Chaplin was appointed President of this Institution of learning.

The village school house in Amherst was also the village sanctuary. It was an afternoon in May, 1828, when the writer of this article arrived in Amherst and preached in this log temple. Among those who seemed impressed under this discourse was Miss Sophia. She remained after the public assembly had been dismissed, and tarried with the membership for religious instruction, and with tears expressed a resolution to seek the pearl of great price.

It was after they had returned to the home of her adopted parents, and the kind hospitality of Mr. Sholes and his lady, that the young minister was first introduced to Miss Halsey, and had this conversation with her.

Several weeks passed away. A few miles from the shore of Lake Erie a large concourse of people had assembled for worship. Among those who bowed at the altar was the gay but penitent Sophia. She rose, confiding in the Savior and happy in His love.

"What has become of those ringlets?" said the minister before referred to, on his next visit to the residence of Mr. Sholes.

Sophia smiled and replied, "I thought it was not pride, but now I see that it was nothing but pride which kept me from the Savior. I trust you will see them no more." From that eventful period of her life she studied to have her adorning that of a meek and quiet spirit. It was not merely that she banished the luxuriant wreaths from her temples that we commend her; for this is a small matter—only an index to higher things; but that in doing so she adopted a governing principle in the outset of her Christian life, from which no consideration could induce her to swerve. It was not that in this particular case she abandoned a mode which fashion itself afterwards condemned, but that in becoming a professor of religion she resolved in all respects to set an example worthy of imitation.

And was she less loved or less interesting? Certainly not, in the estimation of the sensible and good. And even some of her gayest associates, who had not the courage to imitate her example, admitted that plainness (another word for modesty) became Sophia exceedingly. Nor did many years pass until she had offers for marriage from the gay and the wealthy, who were attracted by her superior intellect, unassuming modesty, and refined Christian deportment.

But after much reflection and deep study, and earnest prayer, as to the responsibility of a married life, she gave her hand and heart to a zealous and respectable Christian minister, who fully appreciated her moral worth; and his usefulness was promoted in no small degree by her piety and influence. Her example has been salutary in contributing to diminish the rage for extravagance and costly apparel. Yet she displayed a superior taste and neatness in dress; and her costume may illustrate the remark that simplicity is an element of beauty. To the fair reader, let me say, in how amiable a light do these young ladies appear, who, though surrounded by the gaities of an extravagant age, still have the good taste and moral courage to preserve and maintain the chaste simplicity of an attire which, while it does not discard elegance and propriety, is in strict accordance with the spirit of that religion, and whose abiding and changeless requirement is: "Be not conformed to this world."

Lamda, the author of this tribute of respect and kind admonition, who had made Mr. Shole's house his home and had frequently enjoyed their hospitality, was fully competent to appreciate the merits of young ladies, being an interesting and a popular young minister.

I trust Sophia J. and Leonard B. have entered upon that beautiful shore where parting will be no more.

MATRIMONIAL LIFE.

I was married in North Amherst, Lorain county, Ohio, by Rev. William B. Christie, presiding elder of the Wooster District, to Miss Sophia J. Halsey, on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1833, at the home of Captain and Mrs. Stanton Sholes—the adopted parents of Miss Sophia—in the presence of many friends and acquaintances.

Sophia J. Gavitt died in Delaware, Ohio, May 9, 1869, and was buried in the cemetery at that place, having accompanied me in my ministry in Ohio, Michigan and the Northwestern Territory for thirty-six years. She was the mother of seven children—four on earth and three in heaven. Those living: Lucy G., William H., Hasley C. and George S. Deceased: Stanton G., George H. and Celia L. All these children were baptized in infancy by Rev. John H. Power, excepting our first born, a precious little boy of some four years of age, who died with the cholera in what is now the city of Davenport, Iowa. This was at that day the grand rendezvous of the Black Hawk Nation, and Sioux and Fox Indians, with whom I had been sent to labor as a missionary, in connection with the white settlements on the west side of the Upper Mississippi, before there were any States in that territory. There being no cemetery near, we buried our precious little Stanton on Rock Island, there to await the resurrection of the silent

and lonely dead. I have often had a desire to visit that lonely grave. The day before we were to start for our former home in Ohio, myself and my now sainted wife crossed the river in a canoe and knelt together at his grave, and promised there and then by God's assisting grace we would so live as to meet our child in Heaven.

I think that I fully understand the meaning of David when he says: "Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me." God only knows the sorrow of those itinerant ministers and their wives who bury their little ones in distant lands, or from circuit to circuit, and perhaps never are able to visit their graves again and plant the rose as a token of a mother's love or a father's care. Every heart has its own sorrows, and I have mine. One lovely child sleeps on Rock Island, another is laid away at Akron, in Summit county, Ohio. A precious wife and a loved daughter lie buried in the cemetery at Delaware, Ohio. Thanks be to God for the doctrine of the resurrection, when parents and children shall meet to part no more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WYANDOTTE MISSION, UPPER SANDUSKY.

This, my second appointment in the Ohio Conference, which was sought for by me and obtained through the kindness and influence of my colleague, Rev. Thomas Thompson. Having remained a short time with these brethren, I became much attached to them, but at our first quarterly meeting, Mr Bigelow, the Presiding Elder, informed my colleague he would have to remove me to supply the Norwalk charge, and would send a young man to take my place. Brother Thompson said he was fearful that it would be detrimental to the interests of the mission, and that there would be, in his opinion, a general dissatisfaction, as the membership had become much attached to the young man.

The Elder said that perhaps it would not be best to say anything about the change until after Brother Gavitt had left, and then he would explain the matter to the people and they would become reconciled.

My colleague now told me what the Presiding Elder intended to do. I then went to the Elder and asked him to let me remain. He said he should be pleased to do so, but that the interest of the work required the change; that the Norwalk Circuit was

of more importance and the people much harder to please, and that at their quarterly meeting the officiary had requested him to send me upon their work. "Have you said anything to the Indians?" "I have not," he said, and requested me not to mention it, as it might produce some excitement unfavorable to the quarterly meeting. "Well, if I must leave," said I, "would you have any objection to my preaching to them once more, on Sunday evening?"

"Not any, provided you say nothing about leaving," said the Elder, to which I consented.

On Sabbath evening I took for my text, "Finally, brethren, farewell," and the nearest I came to revealing the secret. I exhorted them to remain faithful unto death, and I would try, by the help of God, to meet them in Heaven. As soon as I said amen, I left for my room at the Mission House; and when the congregation was dismissed they made for Brother Thompson to know what was up. He referred them to the Presiding Elder, and then Brother Bigelow was besieged, as all were anxious to know what was meant by the young minister's farewell sermon. The Elder requested them to meet him on Monday morning at the Mission Room, and he would explain.

On Monday morning, bright and early, they commenced coming, men, women, and children, from all

parts of the reservation, and by 8 o'clock some fifty or sixty had assembled, and the great mystery was unfolded. The Elder set forth his reason why he was about to make the change, and gave a full description of the young man who would take my place, and this he said was the best he could do for them. While all were in suspense, and the excitement at its highest pitch, Brother Hicks took the stand, being one of the oldest members, and plead for his people and the little ones attending the school, Brother Bigelow watching the big tears rolling down this aged brother's tawny cheeks.

About this time a little girl belonging to the mission took Brother Bigelow by the hand, with tears in her eyes, and in the simplicity of her heart, said, "Please don't take Brother Gabby away from us, we all love him."

The Elder could no longer resist. "I have no more to say," said he, "you may all return home; Brother Gavitt will remain with you."

They now struck up one of their hallalujah hymns; and as they were about to start for home, Brother Thompson said, "It is about as I expected, and I am thankful for your sake and Brother Gavitt's. Now we must all go to work and have a good time; and I look for the outpouring of God's holy spirit before this meeting closes." And sure enough, our meet-

ings lasted several weeks, and proved a great blessing to the membership, and many precious souls were converted and added to the Church.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE WYANDOTTE MISSION.

The first Protestant missionary at Upper Sandusky was a colored local preacher by the name of John Stewart, from Marietta, Ohio. It appears, from his own statement, that by some mysterious providence he had been directed to this Indian nation. Being destitute of the means of defraying his expenses, he determined to make the attempt on foot. Stopping by the way and stating the object of his mission the simplicity of his story enlisted sympathy, and he was kindly received and provided for. In Granville, he remained some three days at my father's, recruiting and arranging for the remainder of his journey. Coming, as he did, all the way on foot, the heels of his stockings were worn out and his feet blistered. From this place, Mr. Gavitt and others furnished him with the means to continue his journey.

Reaching the Delaware Indian Nation, then in what is now Marion county, Ohio, Mr. Stewart remained with them a few days, but being satisfied they were not the people to whom he was sent, he continued his journey until he reached Upper Sandusky. He remained over night with Mr. Walker, who kept the only house of entertainment, and in

the morning stated his mission, and the object he had in visiting their place. He was kindly provided for, and was satisfied he had reached the right place, and had found the people to whom he had been sent. Finding a colored man named Jonathan Pointer, who could speak the Indian language as well as the English, Mr. Stewart employed him as his interpreter; and having secured the use of the old Council House, he commenced his missionary work. His first sermon was preached from the words of our Lord to his disciples on the Mount: "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness," and God was pleased in his infinite mercy to own and crown the labors of this brother, at the very commencement of his work; and one among the most prominent Indians of the nation made a profession of religion during the day. The religious influence soon commenced in earnest, and the report of this work spread far and wide; and those who were living near the Indian reservation were attracted to this place to witness what the Lord was doing for the Wyandotte Nation through the instrumentality of this colored preacher. It was not long before the local ministers living near the reservation came forward with pleasure to his assistance, among this number being Brothers Cole, Bowdell, and James Montgomery, the Indian agent at Fort Seneca. In the fall of 1816, Mr. Stewart formed a class at Upper Sandusky, con-

sisting of eighteen members. This was the first Indian mission established by the Methodist Episcopal Church this side of the Alleghany mountains, and was the first Methodist Episcopal Church established at Upper Sandusky.

Mr. Stewart remained the pastor at Upper Sandusky, among these Indians, until 1821, at which time this mission was admitted into the Ohio Conference and was recognized as a part of the Portland District. The first white missionary assigned to this mission was Moses Hinkle, sr., not Rev. James B. Finley, as some have stated in their reminiscences of Church history. Mr. Finley was the Presiding Elder of the Lebanon District, and not the missionary at Upper Sandusky.

The name of John Stewart will be handed down to the latest posterity for his grand and noble work among these Indians. This good brother died at Upper Sandusky in 1833, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the Indian graveyard at that place.

THE MISSION CHURCH AND LOCATION.

The Mission Meeting House was erected in 1824, during the ministry of Rev. James B. Finley, a mile or so from Upper Sandusky. Hon. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, appropriated $1,333 towards the completion of this building. It was a very respect-

able Church for that day, and greatly contributed to the prosperity of the Wyandotte mission. It was constructed of blue limestone, and the principal mason work was by Mr. Herbert, a Welchman, from Radnor, Delaware county, Ohio, the honored father of Revs. Lemuel and Benjamin Herbert, now members of the Central Ohio Conference.

The Mission House stood on the bank of the Sandusky river, built of hewn logs, with four rooms, two above and two below. There was a small schoolhouse of the same material; also a frame building, occupied as a parsonage, all included in a yard of some two acres. Connected with the mission was a farm of one mile square, of which some 200 acres were improved land. On this we raised the principal part of the provisions consumed by the family at the mission. We had a good supply of grain, horses, cattle, hogs and sheep; and during the summer of 1832 Mr. Thompson and myself stacked about eighty tons of hay, my colleague doing the pitching and myself the stacking. Not being accustomed to this kind of work, I found I could do much better at preaching than at farming. Our method of supplying the mission-house with fuel was somewhat out of the common order of things. We would go into the woods with a cart and the ox team, and the Indian boys would fell a medium sized tree; we would then take off one of the wheels, hitch the chain to the

butt of the tree, and draw it on the axletree, and then put on the wheel, and haul it to the house for the school boys to chop up. My part of the programme was to drive the team. Having equipped myself with an Indian suit of clothes, my personal appearance was much like that of an Indian. One beautiful summer day in August, as I came, thus attired, into the mission yard with the ox team, tree, top and all, a gentleman having the appearance of a Methodist preacher came riding up on a very fine horse. He remained silent for a while surveying the scene, then asked if that was the way we obtained our fuel. I said it was.

"Well," said he, "that is something of a curiosity. Young man, can you tell me if the missionaries are at home?"

"Mr. Thompson is not," said I, "he is out on the western part of the mission, holding a meeting among the Indians at the Big Spring."

"Is Mr. Gavitt, the young man, at the mission?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you would inform him that Bishop Emory has come a long distance to visit the mission, and would be pleased to see him."

"Well, Bishop, I am the young man to whom you refer."

"Are you one of the missionaries at this place?"

"Yes, sir, I am; or at least that is what they call me."

"And is this the way you have to work?"

"Yes, sir, all the missionaries who have been assigned to this station have been required to do all they can. We have to preach, pray, and work here. But, Bishop, dismount, and I will have your horse put away."

While he was holding his saddle-bags in his hand, I called one of the boys to come and take the horse to the barn. This was in Indian: "John, hoo-ahaw sus-tu-ret you-shat ah dan-che-radon."

"Young man, I am fearful you are deceiving me. Are you not a Wyandotte? I take you, sir, to be an Indian."

"I am a pure blooded Yankee, and a relative of yours," I remarked.

"I hope, sir, you are not deceiving me," said he.

I conducted the Bishop to the mission room, and then started over to the parsonage to inform Mrs. Thompson that Bishop Emory had come to visit the mission, and ask that she prepare him some supper as soon as convenient. I then went to my room, stripped off all my Indian clothes, washed, combed, and put on my best suit of clothes, and returned again to the mission room.

The Bishop was standing looking out of the back door, taking a view of the place. Taking me to be a stranger, he passed the compliments of the day.

"I suppose this must be the Sandusky river?"

"You are not acquainted with this place?"

He said this was the first time he had visited the mission, "I learn, since I arrived, that Mr. Thompson, the missionary, is not at home. The young man that is here with him has gone over to the other house."

"I presume, Bishop, I am the person to whom you refer."

"Are you the young man I saw at the gate with the ox team?"

"I am the person you conversed with there."

"Are you one of the missionaries at this place?"

"That is what the Indians called me: the petit missionary—the small man, but not the small preacher."

"Well, I am surprised; you do not appear like the same person."

"I presume not, Bishop; dress has much to do with personal appearance, and I hope you are now satisfied I am not an Indian, or a Wyandotte." The Bishop smiled.

"If this is missionary life I propose to remain with you awhile, until I become better acquainted with your work. I did not suppose the missionaries had to do manual labor as well as superintend the mission. They should not be required to do this."

"The missionary appropriation at this station is very small, and the expenses are great, and if all did not work, the mission could not be sustained."

"I admire your devotion and interest in the work, and hope it will not be long before you will be better provided for."

The Bishop remained with us two weeks, preaching and visiting the membership, and made many warm personal friends; and left for the seat of his Conference in the southern part of the State, with a much better opinion of the young missionary than when he first met him at the gate with John Grayeye's Indian costume. And I must say, Rev. John Emory, D.D., with his sweet disposition, companionable spirit, and superior ministerial ability, was a favorite Bishop with me. He came all the way from Baltimore, Maryland, on horseback, and had a perfect understanding of what was meant by the early itineracy. Such was the Episcopacy in 1831. Though dead he yet speaketh, and peace be to his honored memory.

I muse on his kindness shown,
And wish I'd love him more.

FIRST CONVERT AMONG THE INDIANS.

The first convert at Upper Sandusky, under the efficient labors of Mr. Stewart, was Sum-mun de-wat, who afterwards became an eminent native local preacher, and a very useful ordained minister in his nation. He was a consistent Christian, and was highly respected by the white inhabitants, as well as by the Indians. A very interesting circumstance as

to his kindness and Christian character is perhaps worthy of a place in this sketch. This excellent brother, returning home to his camp from one of his hunting expeditions, met the young itinerant minister, who inquired if he could talk any English, and asked direction for his way. I give the rest of the story in Sum-mun-de-wat's own broken English: "He then asked me how far it was to a house. I said, 'I don't know; may be ten miles, may be eight miles.'" "Is there a path leading to that house?" "No; by and by that path go out, then all woods." I said, "You go home with me, sleep me, get some to eat, and I go show you to-morrow." Then he come to my camp, so I take his horse, give him some corn and brush, then my wife gave him some supper. He ask me, "Where I come?" I say, "Sandusky." He say, "You know Thompson?" I say, "Yes, much; he is my brother." Then he say, "He is my brother, too." Then I feel something in my breast. I say, "You preacher?" He say, "Yes." Then I shake hands and say, "You my brother." Then me try to talk with him much. I say, "You sing and pray with us." Then he say, "You sing and pray for me so much more." Then I cry and no pray much very good, and I now go no much to sleep, my heart so full of love for some preacher stop with me and sleep in my tent, it be so good for me. Next morning soon came, and he want to go his journey. Then

I go with him, show him through the woods till we come to the big road. Then he take me by the hand and say, "Farewell, brother, by and by we meet up in Heaven." Then me cry much and say, "You pray for me and my wife, it be so good." So I now go hunting all day; I see no deer. Then I go and pray by some log, my heart so full of joy I cannot hunt much. Some times I sing, then jump up and spat my hands, and look up to my Heavenly Father. Then the love come so in my heart I can no hardly stand still. So I went home and said to my wife: "This be my happiest day of all my life. The Lord so good sent me preacher to sleep in my tent and pray for me. We must be so good and meet him in Heaven. The Lord is good to us poor Indians. We no more fight and kill white man, and white man no more hurt and kill poor Indian. It be so good for all."

Such was the testimony and religious experience of this good man, who was afterwards murdered in Hancock county, Ohio, in 1845, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He and his wife were on a hunting expedition, and were camped in the woods some distance from any white settlement. Late in the evening three white men appeared at his tent, and asked the privilege of remaining with him over night, and with his usual hospitality they were kindly received and provided for. Having attended

to their devotions, their family prayers, they all retired for the night, confiding in their usual safety. About midnight, while this kind family were sound asleep, these three inhuman wretches arose and murdered this Christian family, knocking them in the head with their axes. They then robbed their tent of what money they had and a large amount of furs, and threw the dead bodies into a hole made by a tree turning up, covered them up with leaves and brush, and departed. Their remains would not have been found perhaps for some length of time had it not been for their little dog still remaining by the side of their dead bodies.

Soon after, these inhuman beings were arrested and committed to jail, but were afterwards permitted to escape and were never brought to justice. Had three Indians under like circumstances murdered a white family, and especially a minister of the gospel, the whole country would have been aroused and the last Indian would have been compelled to suffer the penalty of his crime. But this was nothing more than an Indian family.

But Divine justice in due time will be executed. "Vengence is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay." This excellent brother and his wife were reinterred, and now sleep in the Indian graveyard at Upper Sandusky. In the same graveyard many others of precious memory are buried, and we may say the

principal part of the older members of the mission. Of this number was especially Rev. Harry-hoot, the most eloquent native minister there was at the mission. Such was my attachment for this brother, I supplied him for several years with all of his wearing apparel until the day of his death, and soon after had a monument erected to his memory.

The Wyandottes ceded their reservation at Upper Sandusky to the United States in 1842, and left for their new home in the far West in July, 1843. When I first became acquainted with them they numbered about five thousand; but when they left Ohio there were but seven hundred; and they are now reduced to a mere handful. The last account I received from Hon. William Walker, their agent, he stated there were then some less than one hundred.

The Wyandottes were the bravest Indians that ever inhabited Ohio, and many among them were of a high moral character. May a kind God pity these sons of the forest, and at last give them a happy home and their long sought for hunting ground, where the "wicked will cease to trouble and the weary are forever at rest."

CHAPTER XXII.

WYANDOTTE AND FORT FINDLAY MISSION.

I was assigned to this charge in company with Rev. Thomas Thompson. The policy of the Church at that day was to hunt up all the white settlements and carry the Gospel to all classes of human beings who were destitute of the means of grace. Immigration into Northwestern Ohio had commenced, and the Maumee Valley was fast filling up, and hence our missionary work was not confined exclusively to the Indian mission, but extended over a large territory, including about one-half of what is now in the Central Ohio Conference; and also extended into Canada and the Michigan territory. These two Indian stations had to be visited every four weeks during the Conference year. The missionary spent about two weeks at the Wyandotte mission in Upper Canada, and about the same length of time at the Upper Sandusky mission, as it was first called in Church history, upon the Huron river, near what is now called Flat Rock, in Michigan. This required the travel on horseback of about five hundred miles, all of which had to be accomplished in from four to six weeks, so as to reach the mission at

Upper Sandusky in Ohio by Saturday night. Here one of the missionaries had to be on hand all the time, to attend to the mission and farm, as there were from sixty to eighty Indian children at school, all of whom had to be provided for, clothed and fed, and the religious services kept up at the Church on Sabbath.

The country being new, and but partially inhabited, we were subjected to many inconveniences and hardships, traveled without any well defined roads, often through the wilderness, marking the route from one settlement to another by splitting the tops of small trees and turning the top to the right hand as a sufficient guide on the returning route. Yet even then, with all of this precaution, we would sometimes miss the trail and were compelled to remain in the forest over night. This we would spend in a tree top to avoid the wolves, which at that day were very numerous; or sometimes build a large fire and camp out, as we always carried with us a flint steel and tinder box.

MY USUAL MODE OF CROSSING RIVERS.

During the spring and fall such rivers as the Sandusky, Tyemochte, Blanchard, Portage, Auglaize, and Maumee were often too full to ford. I would then take off all my clothes and tie them up, with my saddle bags, on the pummel of my saddle to keep

them dry. My horse was used to swimming, and would seldom sink below his fore shoulders. Turning him into the stream, I would take hold of his tail, and when I could no longer touch bottom with my feet I would float upon the surface until we reached the opposite shore. When I found myself safe, or at least could touch bottom, if the bank was steep, I would hunt a suitable place for my horse to land. Then putting on my clothes, I would start on my journey. Sometimes this would have to be repeated two or three times a day before reaching the place for the night appointment. There was no excuse or apology for a disappointment, as there were but few to attend, and perhaps some of these would come quite a distance, and if once disappointed they would be missing the next time. The highest commendation of a young minister at that day was for his Presiding Elder to say in Conference, "He is always punctual, and never disappoints his congregation." And I must say, withal we were amply repaid for our perseverance by the kind reception and hospitality which we received. And yet, where is the young man at this day who would be disposed to make the sacrifice and endure all the hardships of a new country? Perhaps in the very coldest weather in the winter one would be compelled to ascend a ladder to the upper story of a log house, to sleep upon a straw bed, with no other covering

to protect him from a snow storm raging without than his overcoat, Indian blanket, and a few other tattered garments, and in the morning find himself in a snow drift which during the night had forced its way through the clap-board roof or broken windows and accumulated on his bed. All this was cheerfully borne on a salary of one hundred dollars, which covered everything, clothes, books and traveling expenses. And sometimes the most of the salary was paid in good will, or such things as could be obtained from the forest—red-root, blood-root, crow-foot, crane's bill, star-root, yellow-root, prickly ash buds, and dried slippery elm bark, all of which were the next thing to money, and could be disposed of at any large drug store, as they were in general use by all steam doctors, or Thompsonian physicians.

AN ECCENTRIC LANDLORD.

On the Scioto river, near where the Pisgah Church now stands, was a log tavern kept by a friend, not a member of the Church. This was one of our preaching places where we remained over night with the landlord; and in the morning when we called for our bill he said he would prefer settling with us at the close of the year. This being the best we could do, we had to trust to his liberality in the final settlement, though with our limited means we could have wished it otherwise. However, as he

was a friend to the cause of Christianity, we hoped for the best. At the close of the year we called for a final settlement. He said, as there was some credits in our favor, he would have to look over our account. This was a mistake, as we had not paid him anything during the year, but he insisted that he had kept a correct account, and knew more about it than we did. His account against us was quite reasonable, and somewhat better than we had expected; and now the next thing was to see for what we could have credit. Turning over the next page, he showed that he had credited us with every sermon preached, with every instance of worship, and with every blessing asked at the table. For a long sermon the credit was twenty-five cents; for a short sermon, fifty cents; long family service, twelve and one-half cents; short prayer and chapter, twenty-five cents, and the same in proportion for grace at the table. Being young and often embarrassed, all *my* services had received his approbation, and he now fell in my debt. My colleague being older and more prolific, fell in his debt. However, considering the benefit the community had received, as well as his family, and allowing something for good company, he would balance the account and call it all settled, provided we would call on him another year, if we were returned to the same charge; he then presented each of us with five dollars.

Mr. Wheeler remained in this neighborhood until he had accumulated a handsome property, and at last settled in Kenton, Hardin county, Ohio, where he lived and died loved and respected by all who knew him. Peace be to his honored memory.

FORT M'ARTHUR.

Fort McArthur was built during the war of 1812, on the line of Hull's march, and was located in a dense forest not far from the Scioto river, and near the present city of Kenton, Hardin county. This was rather a weak stockade, enclosing about half an acre, with two block houses, one in the northeast and the other in the southwest corner. Seventy or eighty feet of this enclosure was composed of a row of log corn cribs, covered with a shed roof sloping inside. A part of the pickets were of split timber and lapped at the edges; others were round logs set up endwise and touching each other. The row of huts for the garrison were a few feet from the walls. It was a post of much danger, and liable at any moment to be attacked. There was but little communication with other settlements, and no person could go from one neighborhood to another without danger, as the woods were infested with hostile Indians. The first commander of this post was Colonel John Hardin, after whom the county was named in 1820.

I will here make mention of an excellent Metho-

dist family named McCloud, who were residing at the fort in 1831. This brother and his family had emigrated from the southern part of the State and settled on a tract of land which included this fortress, obtained at government price, and paid for with the money they received for wolf scalps. So numerous and destructive were these animals at that early day that a reward of from $4 to $8 was paid for the scalp of a wolf. And in no section of the country in Ohio were they more numerous than in and around the Hog Creek marsh and the lowlands of Northwestern Ohio. The art of destroying these wild animals with strychnine had not been brought into use, and they had to be captured either by hunting or trapping.

We had commenced preaching at Mr. McCloud's in the early part of the conference year, and I had formed a class of some six members. There were but three families in the neighborhood, and the membership consisted of the McClouds and a family by the name of Bates. This was our third appointment on the white part of the mission, and to reach it required about twenty miles ride through the wilderness.

Starting out from Upper Sandusky on a dark and rainy day, I failed in taking the right trail. Reaching the Scioto river, I followed up the stream. The sun had gone down, night was fast approaching, and knowing the woods to be full of wild animals, I

now made for the hill or high land on the east side of the river, and prepared for the night. Having selected a suitable location, I fastened my horse to the limb of a small beech tree and climbed into the top, taking my horse blanket with me to cover my head, as it was still raining. I made myself fast among the branches, weaving the limbs around me, that I might not fall if I should go to sleep, being wet, cold and hungry. However, I soon found there were no fears of my going to sleep. My horse became uneasy, and my attention was occupied to keep him quiet, or I might be minus of any conveyance in the morning. About midnight we were surrounded by a gang of wolves apparently without number, howling at a fearful rate. Notwithstanding all my efforts to calm my horse's excitement, he was constantly pawing, not in the least admiring his new acquaintances or their near approach; and when silence with him was no longer a virtue he would give a fearful snort, which would produce a general stampede among them. Yet, not disposed to surrender their rights or abandon their hope of supplying their wants, they would soon return in full force, and still nearer, until they were again routed by Charley's musical notes, adapted to high pressure; and thus did they continue to advance and retreat until morning light.

Having landed from my roost, my faithful animal appeared to appreciate the change and enjoy

the pleasure of leaving the field, and surrendering his rights to all such midnight serenading. Starting once more on my river route, I had not gone far before I heard the report of a gun and the blowing of a horn. My friends readily inferred that as I had not reached my appointment at night, I must be in the woods, and this was their signal to bring me out. And now I soon arrived at the fort and found comfortable quarters for myself and horse.

The hill on which I had remained over night was about a mile or so from the fort, and is now occupied by the city of Kenton, Hardin county, Ohio. It has been reported that Mrs. McCloud, being the first emigrant then living and having resided the longest in the county, had the honor conferred upon her of naming this town, and she called it Kenton after Simon Kenton, the noted spy and Indian warrior, who contributed so largely to the defense of the American cause, and, like myself, had often enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of Mr. McCloud and his excellent lady. Like many others of pioneer fame, Brother McCloud and his family have principally passed away, the wife of Dr. Lord being among the last. And here I may say that Dr. Lord was one of the early settlers in this county, where he accumulated a handsome property by his profession; and now makes his home with his eldest daughter, the wife of Mr. L. Moore, my nephew, who are living

on a farm near Bellefontaine, Logan county, Ohio. I had the pleasure of spending a short time with the doctor a few years ago, and of talking over the early scenes of the northwest. Physicians, like ministers, at that day were not so numerous as at present; and a wonderful change has taken place during the last half century. In those olden days, when the doctor and the writer met in the woods, I on my way to some appointment and the doctor on his route to visit some patient, he remarked that his circuit was nearly as large as mine, extending over a part of three or four counties, and sometimes required him to travel from ten to twenty miles to reach his patient. The wilderness through which we then had to pass is now converted into fruitful fields, and growing villages, and commercial cities; and when we speak of the past with the hardships and inconveniences of that early day, it is hard for young America to fully comprehend these things, and they imagine that such statements must be somewhat exaggerated or imaginary. Our only reply is that God, through human instrumentality, moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

FIRST VISIT TO THE INDIAN MISSION IN MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

Starting on Monday morning from Upper Sandusky, with seven Indians as my traveling companions,

three of whom were local ministers, I found on reaching the Maumee river, that it was more difficult and dangerous to cross than I had expected. However, we concluded to ford the river at the Rapids. We had not proceeded far before all had turned back excepting Harry-hoot and myself. With care we were in hopes of making the opposite shore in safety, and all went well until we had reached about the middle of the stream, when Harry-hoot's Indian pony, being frightened at some white foam passing by, suddenly reared up and threw him off into the swift current. Although, like most Indians, he was a good swimmer, but he soon became entangled in his long-fringed Indian frock coat and commenced sinking. I called to some men who were fishing with a canoe, to save him and I would compensate them. They were soon by his side and caught him by his flowing coat, as he was about to sink for the last time. Having turned back I was now waiting for the final result, when they brought him to shore. There was at first but little hopes of his being restored; I requested the Indians to set him upon a log and by blowing gently in his mouth, he soon gave evidence of life. We then prepared a litter out of one of the blankets and conveyed him down to Hubbell's landing, and all crossed over in a canoe, leaving our horses to be conveyed over the next day. We were all kindly provided for by Mr. Hubbell, the

landlord. Brother Harry-hoot suffered some during the night, but by the aid of stimulants and a thorough sweating with pennyroyal tea, the second day he was enabled to accompany us on our journey. We remained at the Indian mission one week, preaching and visiting the membership. The Sabbath before we left we held a sacramental service, which was both interesting and profitable.

On Monday morning we started for the mission in Canada, crossing the Detroit river from Brownstown to Malden in a lumber boat. On Sabbath our excellent brother Harry-hoot related the circumstance of his being spared and having the privilege of preaching to them once more, producing a wonderful effect. The indications being favorable, we continued the meeting two weeks, which resulted in the conversion of several prominent Indians and some twenty-three accessions to the Church. Among this number was a white family living on the Indian Reservation, by the name of Spring, who afterwards moved and settled at Delta, Fulton county, Ohio, and were well known by the inhabitants of that place. Mr. Spring died a few years since, and was buried in the old cemetery at Delta. His funeral sermon was preached by myself.

LAST VISIT TO THE INDIAN MISSION IN CANADA.

Having provided for our journey, and taken seven

Indians with me as my traveling companions, we started about the middle of July, in 1832. In view of our former experience in the long route by the way of the Black Swamp, Michigan, and around by Detroit, we concluded after reaching Tiffin, Seneca county, Ohio, to change our programme and take the Indian route across Lake Erie by way of the Islands. Our course now led us to Locust Point on the Bay, in Ottawa county, Ohio, where we camped for the night. The next day we stored our saddles in a place of safety, and as we did not expect to be absent more than one or two weeks, we spancelled our horses, tied their fore legs together with a short strap to prevent them from wandering far away, and turned them out on the marsh to graze until we should return. We then got out our canoe, which had been hid among the willows, had it well cleansed and dried and put in good running order. The next morning the sun shone forth bright and clear, the lake was smooth, not a wave to be seen, and everything indicated a fair and favorable day. We now launched our bark canoe, intending to take the Indian route among the islands, with the hope of reaching North Bass by night. When we came in sight of the islands, perhaps not more than five miles distant, a dark and fearful cloud commenced gathering over our heads, and the wind blew a perfect gale from the northwest. Soon the bosom of the lake

was all in commotion, and the waves dashed against our frail craft, throwing more or less water into our canoe, threatening us with speedy death and a watery grave. The rain, too, was now pouring down in torrents, until we and all we had on board were thoroughly wet through. We were destitute of anything to bail with save a small tin bucket, and I soon used up my white beaver and others their hats; and there appeared to be but little hopes of our reaching the island. The heavens above us were still in commotion; peals of thunder came in quick succession, the vivid lightning rendered the scene still more fearful, the waves became much larger, and the troughs of the sea much deeper; and all on board were about used up working for dear life.

Not knowing but that the next wave would sink our craft, I now proposed prayer as a safer passage to a better world. My abiding friend whom I had saved from a watery grave, and whose watchful care at the stern still guided our craft, said: "Brother Gabbey, you pray and all paddle, and our Father in Heaven, he save us." However Brother Sum-mun-de-wat said, "We all pray now much with brother Gavitt," and every oar ceased to ply, and a united prayer went up to God, mingled with faith and tears; and, sure enough, it was not long before the rain had ceased, the wind had calmed, the dark and fearful cloud had disappeared, and the sun once

more broke out with its soft and gentle rays to cheer and inspire our hopes. With renewed strength and courage, nobly did these sons of the forest contend with the waves for the island shore, and within about one hour more a shout of joy from every lip was heard above the roaring waves, "Safe, safe! yes, thank the Lord, we shall be saved; soon we shall be on the beach, and all can then wade to shore, let come what may." But in this we were somewhat disappointed. The nearer we approached the place of landing the more violently the returning waves from shore would sweep over our craft, the spray blinding our eyes, and it was about all we could do to keep the canoe from dipping and sinking. But with renewed energy we landed at last on the south side of North Bass Island, and securing our frail treasure, which no human being could manage like an Indian, we now all joined in singing the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and then offered up our thanksgiving to that God who had watched over our lives amidst the wind and waves.

And now the next thing was to kindle a fire so as to dry our clothes. The labor of the day had not diminished our wants, but had increased our appetites; but how to supply them was the next question, as we had cast all our provisions and cooking utensils overboard to make room and lighten our craft.

These islands, which are now the cities of Lake Erie, and a summer resort for all the world, were that day uninhabited, save that occasionally an Indian or a Frenchman might be found in his temporary camp or wigwam. But upon this Island not a human being could we find. We were the monarchs of all we surveyed. On examination, I found a pound or so of parched corn and a small cake of maple sugar in my saddle bags, which I proposed to divide with my brethren; but this they kindly refused, saying they would hunt for roots or something else to supply their wants. It was not long before they returned with an abundant supply of turtle eggs, which they had found in the warm sand along the beach, and commenced roasting and eating them, and were quite well satisfied with their new discovery. My appetite had not as yet got quite up to the point to eat young roasted turtles, as many of these eggs were about ready to hatch; but before we left the island I could manage turtle or snake's eggs, it mattered not which, quite as well as the Indians themselves without any misgivings whatever.

About midnight we were favored with another pelting storm. To protect ourselves we turned our canoe bottom side up, one end on a log and the end fastened up with rocks; and under this we made the best of the night we could without infringing upon each other's rights, excepting a very tight

squeeze. The storm still continuing, and the lake remaining rough, we were confined to our island home two days and three nights before we dared to launch our craft for Point Play, this being the next island, and belonging to the Canadian shore. Here we found a Frenchman in a small log hut, with a Chippewa squaw for his wife. With some difficulty we made our wants known, and obtained from them a small quantity of corn bread and fish at an extravagant price. Nor did we receive anything like a palatable meal from the time we had left our horses at Locust Point in Ohio until we had reached Mr. George Clark's house at the Indian mission in Canada. Here we were kindly received and abundantly provided for.

Mr. Clark was a noble Christian man, and his wife an educated Wyandotte, with a refined and intelligent family. His son George was a merchant at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, and Alexander a Methodist local preacher and interpreter, employed at the Mission, and secretary for his father, who was one of the interpreters in the service of the British government at Malden. Our visit to this Indian Mission was somewhat inopportune, as this was the year and the time for the general gathering of all the Indian nations in North America to receive their annuity for their services to the British government. This great gathering at Malden proved to be one of the

largest ever assembled on the North American continent. In numbers, it was said there were about forty or fifty thousand, coming from all parts of the country, some of them more than a thousand miles distant; and those from the Rocky Mountains stated they had been more than a year on their journey. This was the first time I had ever seen those who were called the Flathead Indians. This peculiarity in the shape of their skulls was not shown on top of their heads, but in the flattening of their foreheads. Being pressed with a board in early infancy, the cranium extended to a peak at the top. Far more appropriately they should have been called soft, instead of flat-headed Indians, as this distortion had more or less impaired their intellect and diminished their superiority.

The annuity which these Indians received from the British government, principally for their loyalty in the war of 1812, consisted in blankets, blue broadcloth for the females, short dresses, beads, broaches, copper kettles, guns, ammunition, whisky and tobacco. These were divided out to each family according to their rank, whether chiefs or subordinates, and were valued at from fifteen to one hundred dollars for each family. The Indians were permitted to remain in this tented field until they had disposed of about all they had received, for liquor or cheap provisions, or tainted meat, such as dead horses,

oxen, mules, dogs, or anything to supply the wants of nature. They were too numerous to be supplied in their poverty and wretched condition with the best the country could afford. Having remained two weeks or more, until the fur trader and liquor sharks had got away everything they had that was of any value, they were now ordered to disband and return to their homes and hunting grounds, cursed and demoralized in every respect. But such was the pretended friendship of the British government until the morality and religious influence of their country inaugurated a better state of things.

This conference year closed with a precious camp-meeting of whites and a few Indians, upon what was called the Limestone Ridge, some twelve miles northwest from Upper Sandusky, Ohio, near the residence of Judge Smith, a pious family, some of whom are still living in or near Cary and Mount Blanchard, Ohio. George, the oldest son, was recommended from this meeting to the Ohio Annual Conference, and for many years was an active and useful minister in the Ohio and Michigan Conferences, and occupied many important positions in the Church. But, like many others of the early pioneers, he has passed away to his reward in Heaven.

This year completed my third in the Portland District, and closed my pleasant relation with my Presiding Elder, Rev. Russel Bigelow, with whom I

had traveled hundred of miles, going and returning from camp-meetings and quarterly occasions.

Mr. Bigelow's personal appearance was not prepossessing. He was a man of medium size, and quite ordinary dressed, with a round-breasted coat, white cravat, and wide-brimmed hat. One noticeable peculiarity was that he always preached out of one corner of his mouth. Dr. Clark, returning home from one of our quarterly meetings, asked his little son how he liked Mr. Bigelow's sermon. He said: "I do not know; but it made the people cry, and I believe, had he preached out of both corners of his mouth, they would have all got religion." One of the peculiarities of this brother was his praying for all the ministers in the district by name, and referring to their prosperity or adversity as their case or circumstances might be. The only objectionable feature in his ministry was the length of his sermons, which were from two to three hours long. Notwithstanding his ability, they would hardly pass at this day, when the universal desire is to have the sermon cut off at both ends, and the minister to announce the Doxology as soon as the Lord will let him.

With a slender constitution and declining health, Brother Bigelow's pulpit efforts were more than he could well endure, and at the Circleville Conference, in 1834, he asked for a superannuated relation. He died in the city of Columbus, Ohio, in 1835, in the

forty-third year of his age. It may well be said of him, "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is quite on the verge of heaven." And thus ended the life of one of the best men and one of the most impressive orators with whom I have ever been acquainted. Brother Bigelow's sermons were not as eloquent in many instances as Mr. Christie's. The sermons of the latter were calculated to please admiring crowds with the beauties of nature and the charms of Heaven, while Mr. Bigelow's appeals were directed more to the heart, and he seldom failed to move his audience to tears in view of the solemnity of the judgment day, and man's accountability to God. I have seen, with my own eyes, not less than a thousand persons on their feet at once, with outstretched arms and uplifted hands, crying aloud for mercy, while the very heavens appeared to give audience as he portrayed the judgment scene; and five hundred penitents kneeling at the altar at the close of the sermon. Such was the case at the camp-meeting at Doughtys Forks, in Holmes county, Ohio, in 1839, at the close of the conference year.

REVS. JAMES B. FINLEY AND THOMAS THOMPSON.

Why it was that Mr. Finley obtained a notoriety above others as the Indian missionary, I am not prepared to say, unless it was his publication on Indian missions. This brother did not commence the Wy-

andotte Mission, or form the first class, or establish the first church; nor was he the first missionary after this charge was received into the Ohio Conference. The first white missionary sent among these Indians was Moses Hinkle, Sr., and it was four years from the time that Mr. Stewart commenced this mission before Mr. Finley had anything to do with the Wyandotte Nation, and even when Stewart died Charles Elliott, D. D., had the charge of the mission, and Mr. Finley was only his assistant; and in after life, when he had charge of this work as the Presiding Elder, the mission was principally under the pastorate of such men as Jacob Cooper, J. C. Brooks, James Gilruth and Russel Bigelow. I would not depreciate the labors of this excellent brother, who was for many years the pioneer minister of Ohio, and contributed largely in planting Methodism north and south, and labored somewhat extensively among the Indians; but honor to whom honor is due. From my own personal knowledge, no man before or since ever accomplished the same amount of good among the Indians at Upper Sandusky as did my colleague, Rev. Thomas Thompson, who was assigned to this charge the first year after he was admitted into the Ohio Conference, in 1828, and continued at this mission for six years. I understand that this brother is still living in Seneca county, Ohio, though in feeble health, awaiting the call of his Master; and, in view

of his long and useful ministry, it is to be hoped that the membership of his conference will see that he is amply provided for until death.

My ministerial relations with this excellent brother during 1831–2 were pleasant and satisfactory; and through the mercy of a kind Providence our labors were abundantly blessed with unusual prosperity all over the work, and we reported to conference a membership of something over one thousand of whites and Indians.

Since writing the foregoing this excellent brother has departed this life after a brief illness. He had arranged for a reunion about the time of his death. His nephew, E. F. Outhwaite, at whose house the meeting was to be, informs me that at the time of Br. Thompson's sickness, he appeared to feel disappointed. He had hoped to live to enjoy the pleasure of meeting and talking over our missionary days, and the scenes of former years. "The meeting," said he, "will now be deferred until we meet in heaven." Br. Thompson died at the family residence near Republic, Ohio, March 14, 1884. His last hours were peaceful and triumphant. I am now the only missionary left of all who labored with the Wyandottes before they went west.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MONROE, MICHIGAN.

I was assigned to this charge in 1832. At this early day Monroe was but a small place. It had taken on village airs in 1817, and was incorporated in 1837, and at this time was principally inhabited by Canadian-French. Being destitute of a church edifice, the Methodists occupied the court house as a place of public worship. During my rest week I made my home and headquarters with Mr. Stoddard, whose wife and daughter were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and I soon became much attached to the Monroe society for the warm and cordial respect which they manifested towards their pastor. There were some of the most refined and intelligent young ladies belonging to this charge, and one of whom would have been competent to have filled the place of a Methodist minister's wife. But knowing the law of the church and the penalty if a young minister married before he had served his full four years in conference, I dared not as much as squint at any one of them, much less to make any propositions. However, like the Quaker whose conscience would not permit him to fight in the defense of his country, but who could tell others where to

shoot and not be likely to miss their man, I referred my successor to one of these young ladies, and Rev. William Sprague took a prize in Miss Zeruba Hall; and soon after Miss Aremintha Stoddard followed her good example.

There are many precious ones who were at that time living in Monroe, to whom I would be pleased to refer had I the time and space, though there are but few left to tell the story of the early planting of Methodism in Monroe.

FAVORABLE RESULTS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

There was a very respectable gentleman, of considerable influence, lying sick in Monroe, who was not expected to live. He was deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul, and was anxious that the young Methodist minister, with whom he was partially acquainted, might be sent for to converse and pray with him. The attending physician had forbidden anyone save the nurse to enter his room, and had prohibited anything like religious excitement. However, as the man was near death, and in all probability would die before morning, the doctor consented to have the minister sent for, and as many others as he might wish.

At the close of the morning service on Sabbath Mr. Dunbar informed me of the dying man's request, and wished me to meet him in the sick man's room

soon after dinner, with a few members of the church. When we were assembled, I quoted a few passages of scripture by way of encouragement, and we engaged in singing and praying, all being deeply anxious for the poor man's conversion. Towards evening the fever subsided, and the man, with what little strength he had, was praising God for his deliverance. At a late hour in the evening we all retired, being fully satisfied that God had power on earth to forgive sins. The brother rested well during the night, and in the morning was able to sit up in his bed and receive some nourishment. The attending physician called, and to his surprise found his patient still alive and in a fair way of recovery. Soon after Dr. Lynn called at my room and declared if he ever had another patient near death he would turn him over to the Methodists. I said to the doctor, "It was useless to expect a man to improve under medical treatment, who is deeply concerned for the welfare of his soul. The mind has much to do with the body. Have no fear, doctor, as to the Methodists. They can pray the devil out of you or any other sinner, only give them a fair chance." The doctor smiled and said he must admit they had helped him out of a hard case.

In 1860, while attending the General Conference at Buffalo, New York, I received a letter from this brother saying he saw my name in the roll of the

General Conference, and wished to know if I was the same person who held a prayer meeting in his room in Monroe, Michigan, in the summer of 1833. If so, he would inform me that the first ray of hope that he might be saved and restored to health was when I quoted the passage from the Bible that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." He was at this time living in California, and was still a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had been in the ministry for the past seven years. I answered Brother Smith's letter, thanking him for his kind remembrance, and hoped that he might prove faithful until death. I have his letter filed away with others of precious memory.

I will admit that no person should visit the room of a sick patient with a sad countenance or express his fear, but with a cheerful countenance and a hopeful spirit. It is all a mistake to exclude the minister and proper religious conversation. A word of prayer and encouragement may do much in changing the mind of the sick and producing a reaction in the whole system, and thus promote recovery instead of being injurious.

The Monroe Circuit was an extensive field of labor. It commenced within four miles of Detroit, in the Lacroix settlement, and included the Indian mission on the Huron river, the town of Flat Rock and the Bay settlement, in Michigan, and extended into Ohio,

including all the towns along the Maumee river, and running along the Indiana State line within a few miles of Fort Wayne, requiring some four hundred miles of horseback travel every four weeks.

This was a year of unusual prosperity, not only in Michigan, but in Ohio. It was the year of the great revival in Maumee City, during which I received into the Church some forty-two members, among them Mrs. Sophia Hunt, of precious memory, the wife of General John Hunt, and sister-in-law of ex-Governor Cass, of Michigan. Mrs. Hunt, with her amiable disposition and consistent Christian character, was for many years a useful member, and contributed largely to the prosperity of Methodism in Maumee City; and in after life, for several years previous to her death, was recognized as the mother of Methodism in the St. Paul's Church, in the city of Toledo.

Among others who made a profession of religion during this meeting was Miss Maria Jackson, the eldest daughter of James Jackson, the Indian agent, appointed by President Jackson, and stationed at Maumee. Mr. Jackson and his excellent lady were among the older members in this place. The preachers were always made welcome to their house and home, and many of the pioneer ministers of the Maumee valley enjoyed the pleasures of their hospitality.

Had I the time and space, I should be pleased to

refer to all who united with the Methodist Episcopal Church during this revival. Some have died, others have moved away, while there are a few who still remain as useful and active members of the Church. And there are many precious ones whom we found as active members at the Ten Mile Church in 1832; among the number Eli Hubbard, whose home was a pleasant resort for the early itinerants, and his house a preaching place until the log school house was erected near the Collingwood cemetery. Brother Hubbard was one among the excellent ones of earth, and I am pleased to say his children followed the example of their noble parents, and the few who are yet living are members of the Church.

William Wilkinson, of precious memory, was the only local preacher in this section of the country. He had moved with his family from Canada, and had settled on the road leading from Ten Mile creek to Monroe, Michigan. His humble log cabin, which was unfinished, was surrounded by a slight forest, with a beautiful lawn of wild grass in front of the house. The first Sabbath after they had entered their new home, early in the morning, a beautiful deer made its appearance upon this green, wild meadow, and commenced feeding. John, the elder son, had taken down his rifle, and was preparing to shoot the animal. This conscientious Christian brother, Mr. Wilkinson, said there must not be any shooting about his premises on Sunday. He had not left his religion

in Canada, but had brought it with him into Ohio, and the sanctity of the Sabbath must be observed by all the members of his family, as it had been in the past.

John said "he believed God had sent it to them, as there was not a mouthful of meat in the house."

"No, my son, God never sent that deer to be killed on the Sabbath. He never tempts people to do wrong."

John put away his gun reluctantly, remarking he hoped he might never have such a Methodist religion; there was too much superstition connected with it.

On Monday morning, about the same time in the day, the deer again appeared at the same place, in company with a large buck. Mrs. Wilkinson called John and her husband, and directed their attention to the beautiful sight. John was soon on hand with his loaded rifle.

"Now, my son," said Mr. Wilkinson, "I want you to shoot the doe first."

"Father, why not take the buck; he is much the largest."

"Do as I say, and then you will find out what I mean; and I will teach you something, my son, about hunting. Take good aim and don't get excited, and shoot the doe right back of the fore shoulder."

John fired, and as the bullet struck the doe she

bleated, the buck still standing, waiting for his mate to start with him. John then loaded and fired again, and the buck dropped; and as they walked out and stood beside their prize John was perfectly delighted.

"Now, my son," said his father, "I want you to remember there is nothing to be made in breaking the Sabbath. God never rewards people for disobeying his requirements, but always rewards obedience to his will. Here you have two deer for one by keeping the Sabbath. The doe not being disturbed yesterday, returned to-day with her mate; and now the scarcity of meat of which you complained has been abundantly supplied, and you have the pleasure of knowing you have kept the Sabbath and have obeyed your parents, and I most earnestly pray that this may be a lesson to you through life. And now, John, what do you think to-day of your father's religion and his Methodism?"

John hesitated. "Well, to be honest, I like it much better than I did yesterday."

This is a true narrative, and I have penned it as an example of consistency with a moral worth, remembering, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path." This place is now included in the corporation of Toledo.

CHAPTER XXIV

METHODISM IN WHAT IS NOW TOLEDO.

THE Detroit District (then in the Ohio Conference), was constituted in 1825, and was the first district that was formed in the Michigan Territory, including a membership of 252. This district was composed of two appointments in the Michigan Territory, the Detroit Station and the Detroit Circuit; and also two charges in Ohio, the Defiance Mission, and the Wyandotte Mission, at Upper Sandusky. The first Presiding Elder sent upon this district was William Simmons, who was the stationed preacher in the city, as well as the superintendent of the district. The Detroit Circuit was supplied by two ministers—John A. Baughman and Solomon Manier. This circuit included all the regular appointments in the Michigan Territory, with the exception of the Detroit City, and furnished preaching occasionally at Maumee City and Perrysburg, in Ohio. The Fort Defiance charge included all between Maumee and Perrysburg, near the Maumee river, on both sides as far up as Fort Defiance, and this extensive mission was supplied by Elias Pattee, who was among the early pioneers of Upper Canada and Northwestern Ohio. The Wyandotte Mission was supplied by two

ministers—James B. Finley and James C. Brooke.

In the fall of 1825 Mr. Baughman and Mr. Manier, his colleagues, preached the first sermons and formed the first class at Ten Mile Creek (since Tremaineville), now included in the city of Toledo. This was the first preaching and the first class between Monroe, Michigan, and Maumee City. This class at Ten Mile Creek was composed of twelve members, as may be seen by their names in the class book, recorded in the hand writing of Mr. Manier, as follows: Frances M. Whitney, Catharine Martin, Elenor Wallworth, Sarah Wallworth, Sophrona Horton, Hannah Horton, Elizabeth Martin, Lydia Martin, Elizabeth Holmes, Mary Keeler, Mary Mills and Maggie Miller. This was the first and only class formed at this place. As there were no male members, Mrs. Frances Maria Whitney was appointed class leader, and continued in that capacity for some time, exerting an excellent moral influence over the members of her class and throughout the entire community. I still have her class book in my possession, and have had this for more than forty years. It is now yellow with the age of half a century.

The name of Maria Whitney, wife of Hon. Ashley Whitney, will be handed down to the latest posterity as one of the most refined and intelligent ladies in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at that day, in the Maumee Valley. I became acquainted with this excellent family the first year I entered the Michigan

Territory, in 1828. No man has been more loyal or contributed more liberally to the Methodist Church, according to his means, than Noah Ashley Whitney. He died in 1873, and has entered upon his final reward in company with his three excellent companions. There is but one of the family left. May God in his providence make Ashley, Jr., as useful and honored as his sainted father.

The following are the ministers who preached at Tremainsville, Maumee, Perrysburg and Waterville from 1825 to 1832:

1826—Monroe Circuit—Zarah Costin, Presiding Elder; John A. Baughman, pastor.

1827—Monroe Circuit—Zarah Costin, Presiding Elder; George W Walker, pastor.

1828—Monroe Circuit—Zarah Costin, Presiding Elder; George W Walker, pastor.

1829—Monroe Circuit—Curtis Goddard, Presiding Elder; Jacob Hill, pastor.

1830—Monroe Circuit—Curtis Goddard, Presiding Elder; James W Finley, pastor.

1831—Monroe Circuit—Curtis Goddard, Presiding Elder; James W Finley, pastor.

The first class at Maumee was formed by myself in 1832, in the house of James Jackson.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF METHODISM IN TOLEDO PROPER.

Up to 1832 there had not been any Methodist preaching in Toledo. What is now called Toledo was

but a small place with but few houses, and it had not yet even been christened. Port Lawrence and Vistula were the two competing names for the future great city. Toledo proper had but just commenced in the fall of 1832, and the site was principally covered with huckleberry bushes, winter green, swamps and swales, reeds and rushes, and presented anything else than a favorable place for a great city. Besides, at this time it had the reputation of being the most unhealthy place on the Maumee river. It had been reported that a traveler who remained over night in Toledo inquired of the landlord in the morning the road to Monroe, Michigan. He was instructed to keep the main-traveled road through the woods until he came to Ten Mile creek. The stranger soon returned and gave the landlord a blowing up, saying he had followed the main-traveled road, but that led him into the graveyard.

CHAPTER XXV

FIRST SERMON PREACHED IN TOLEDO.

During my early ministry upon the Monroe Circuit in 1832, I preached the first sermon in what is now the city of Toledo proper, but was at that day called Vistula. Manhattan and Vistula were two small villages, with but few inhabitants, and destitute of a Church, or a school house, or any place convenient for public worship.

Spending a few days with Major C. I. Keeler and his excellent family, whose house and home were always hospitably open to the early itinerant minister, I requested the Major to accompany me, and if a place could be obtained in Vistula I would be pleased to preach to the people of that place on Sabbath. Through the kindness of my host, a room was obtained for one service in a warehouse owned or occupied by Mr. Goddard, standing on the bank of the river, and afterwards removed by Mr. Baldwin to make room for a more convenient building. Here, the last week of October, 1832, I preached from the 17th verse of the 19th chapter of Genesis, to twelve persons, most of whom were women. This was the first sermon preached by any minister in what is

now the city of Toledo. I know whereof I speak, regardless of the opinion of others.

Elijah H. Pilcher and William Sprague were my successors on the Monroe Circuit, in 1833, and it has been said that during this year they preached in this city; that may be, but not in 1832. I have a letter in my possession from Mr. Pilcher, in which he says his first sermon preached in Toledo was on January 27, 1833; and this is *definite* and settles the *question*. The Maumee District was constituted in 1834—Leonard B. Gurley, Presiding Eider Monroe Circuit. William Sprague and S. F. Suthard. In 1835, L. B. Gurley, Presiding Elder. Perrysburg, Cyrus Brooks. 1836—The Michigan Conference was constituted with the following Districts: Wooster, Norwalk, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Maumee and Tiffin, with a membership of 18,776. Toledo and vicinity was supplied from the Maumee District, John Janes, Presiding Elder; Maumee and Perrysburg, Orin Mitchell; Toledo, Ira Chase. During Mr. Chase's two years upon this charge, he established the first class in Toledo proper. The Waterville Mission was commenced this year, and was supplied with A. Flemming and Wesley Shortis, and was a small field of labor including a membership of 224. It had an existence of eight years, and closed with a membership of 104. In 1843 Charles Thomas was sent upon this charge. He examined

the field and the amount allowed for the support of himself and family. He remained over night at Father Pray's at Waterville, and left in the morning before daylight and never stopped until he got out of the Black Swamp, and sent word back if he had to starve or die with the chills and fever, he would prefer being buried at Jeromeville, Wayne County, Ohio, and never returned to the work again. Maumee, James A. Kellam. In 1838—J. Janes, Presiding Elder; Toledo, W Brock and Andrew M. Fitch; Maumee and Perrysburg, David Burns. In 1839—J Janes, Presiding Elder; Toledo, Austin Coleman and S. B. Giberson; Maumee, Oliver Burgess; Perrysburg, R. H. Chubb and J. W Bowen.

In 1840 the Michigan Conference was divided and the North Ohio Conference constituted, consisting of the following Districts: Norwalk, Wooster, Mount Vernon, Tiffin, Bellefontaine and Maumee, with a membership of 23,844, including ninety-one colored and two hundred and thirteen Indians. In 1840—Maumee District, Wesley Brock, Presiding Elder Maumee, Jonathan E. Chaplin; Perrysburg, R. H. Chubb and Abner Cracraft; Toledo, John Tibbles. In 1841—Wesley Brock, Presiding Elder; Maumee. J. E. Chaplin; Perrysburg, Leonard Hill and Philip Start; Toledo, E. R. Hill and F. C. Paine. In 1842—Wesley Brock, Presiding Elder; Maumee, E. R. Hill Perrysburg, Horatio S. Bradley; Toledo, Samuel L.

Yourtee. In 1843—John T. Kellam, Presiding Elder; Maumee, H. S. Bradley; Perrysburg, John L. Johnson; Toledo, Samuel L. Yourtee. 1844—John T. Kellam, Presiding Elder; Maumee, H. S. Bradley; Perrysburg, Joseph Jones; Toledo, Luke S. Johnson; Sylvania, Simeon H. Alderman. This was the first year a circuit was called after Sylvania, and now included the principal appointments which had previously been attached to Toledo. 1845—Thomas Barkdull, Presiding Elder; Maumee, W J. Wells; Perrysburg, John R. Jewett; Sylvania, Thomas J. Pope; Toledo, Martin Welch. 1846—Thomas Barkdull, Presiding Elder; Maumee City station, George W Howe; Perrysburg, Thomas Cooper; Sylvania, William Thatcher; Toledo station, William L. Harris, now bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Harris was the first stationed minister of the M. E. Church in the city of Toledo, according to the published minutes and Church records.

In 1847—Maumee District, Thomas Barkdull, Presiding Elder; Toledo, W W Winter; Maumee, E. R. Jewett; Sylvania, Luke S. Johnson; Perrysburg, C. H. Owen. 1848—Maumee District, Thomas Barkdull, Presiding Elder; Maumee, W S. Lunt; Sylvania, Octavius Waters and James M. Wilcox; Perrysburg, Lafayette Ward. 1849—Maumee District, George W Breckenridge, Presiding Elder; Toledo, James A. Kellam; Maumee, W S. Lunt; Sylvania, A. Foster and A. H. Walters; Perrysburg,

John Graham. 1850—Maumee District, William C. Peirce, Presiding Elder; Toledo, William M. Hitchcock; Maumee, Thomas J. Pope; Sylvania, James Evans and John Crabbs; Perrysburg, Thomas Parker; 1851—Maumee District, William C. Peirce, Presiding Elder; Toledo, John Graham; Maumee, Uriah Richards; Sylvania, John Crabbs and George G. Lyon; Perrysburg, Thomas J. Pope. 1852—Maumee District, William C. Peirce, Presiding Elder; Toledo, Jacob T. Caples; Maumee, Uriah Richards; Perrysburg, Thomas J. Pope; Sylvania, David W Ocker. 1853—Maumee District, William C. Peirce, Presiding Elder; Toledo, Jacob T. Caples; Maumee, Thomas J. Pope; Toledo City Mission, D. Rutledge Perrysburg, D. P Pelton; Sylvania, David W Ocker. 1854—Maumee District, David Gray, Presiding Elder; Toledo, Thomas Parker; Maumee, Ralph Wilcox; Toledo City Mission, C. H. Owen Perrysbnrg, Jacob F. Burkholder; Sylvania, L. D. Rogers and A.B.Poe. 1855—Maumee District, David Gray, Presiding Elder; Toledo, Thomas Parker; Maumee, Edward B. Morrison; Perrysburg, L. D Rogers; Toledo City Mission, John A. Shannon Sylvania, Ambrose Hollington. This closes the North Ohio conference, and the commencement of the Delaware conference in 1856.

GROWTH OF METHODISM IN TOLEDO.

As before stated, the first class in Toledo proper was formed in 1836 by Rev. Ira Chase, now of

Delaware, Delaware County, Ohio; but not until ten years later was Toledo discontinued from the circuit and became an independent charge. In 1846, according to the published minutes, Toledo was made a station, and William L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., at present Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was appointed to this charge.

Since 1825, this being the time the first class was formed at Ten Mile Creek, about 125 itinerant ministers have preached in this place. Of these excellent brethren some have died, others have located, some have superannuated, and about one-half are still in the effective work. While we acknowledge that not all has been accomplished in the city of Toledo we might have wished, still we have reason to be thankful to the great head of the Church, that there has been a gradual increase, and Methodism still lives, and the Church will soon be free from all its indebtedness. There are now within the city limits about 1,200 church members, and about 1,256 Sabbath School scholars, teachers and superintendents, and church property estimated to be worth $128,000. May kind Providence continue to rest and abide upon the Methodist Episcopal Church in this beautiful and growing city of Toledo. These statistics do not include the German Methodist Churches.

ITINERANT MINISTERS WHO HAVE DIED.

In view of the unhealthiness of the Maumee Val-

ley at an early day, it was said that a person moving to this county should take his coffin with him and friends enough to bury him, providing he wanted a decent interment. But considering the large number of ministers who have been assigned to this field of labor, some of whom have remained for a number of years, the mortality has not been very great. However, we record the names of most, if not all, who have finished their work, within the bounds of this territory, or those who have departed this life since 1825. Their names are as follows: Conowa, Shortess, Cracraft, Carpenter, Scannell and Lindsley. These were among the early deaths. Since then Harper, Adams, Caples, and still more recently, Miller, Duvall, Beatty, Graham, Clark and Lunt, all of whom were consistent and faithful ministers, and died in hope of eternal life. The labors of these faithful servants will long be remembered as the early pioneers of the Northwest. The graves of some of these noble young ministers may be found along the banks of the Maumee. Two were re-interred in the new cemetery at Napoleon, Ohio,—Scannell and Lindsley. The remains of others were conveyed to their friends in different parts of the State, and it may be said with propriety, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

In 1850 I was engaged in the agency for the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in company with the Presiding Elder, William C. Peirce, attended his Quarterly meeting at Gorham, Fulton County, Ohio. This meeting was held in connection with the dedication of the new church at that place. Rev. Octavius Watters, pastor on the Chesterfield work, now in the practice of law at Delta, Ohio, was called upon by the elder to read his quarterly report. Having given a general statement as to the charge, he said he was now compelled to report that A., B. and C. had withdrawn from the Church because it required too much quarterage to support the preachers, and, raising his voice, he exclaimed, "And now let all the people say amen!"

This was a very profitable and interesting meeting for Gorham and the Chesterfield work. The public services were acceptable to the people, and the membership pleased with their first church and the liquidation of the debt. And all appeared to be delighted with their new Presiding Elder as to his intelligence, modesty and ministry. The agent was encouraged in the sale of scholarships as an endowment for the Ohio Wesleyan University. There are some pleasant and sad remembrances of this interesting occasion. Three young men who attended this meeting, in after life became noted and popular ministers, Dr. Watson, who died at Chicago, Dr.

Fuller, who died at Atlanta, Georgia, and Dr. L. Taylor, who resides in New York City. The author will not soon forget his frozen condition and the kindness which he received from the Presiding Elder and his excellent lady when he arrived at the parsonage from his long and tedious journey from Defiance to Maumee City during one of the coldest days of all the winter. And this was my first experience in the agency which had its lights and shades.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WYANDOTTE MISSION ON THE HURON RIVER, MICHIGAN.

I NOW propose to say a few words in regard to the Indians and my missionary work at Flat Rock, Michigan Territory. I am aware that an account of the Indians will not be very interesting to all persons, but I hope to be heard without prejudice. I remember a circumstance which occurred early in my ministry. A lady came to her pastor complaining of one of the members, and requesting that she might be expelled. While she was stating her grievances the minister placed a finger in one of his ears, and when he was asked why he treated her with such disrespect. He said that he was keeping that ear for the other side of the story. There are two sides to this Indian question, and while there is no doubt cause for complaint on the part of the whites, there are some grounds for grievance on the part of the Indians. We have been educated to believe that the Indians, as a race, are savages of the deepest dye; that they are constantly on the war path murdering and scalping men, women and children indiscriminately, and that individual who has been the most successful in exterminating them has been considered the greatest benefactor of his race. Having

been acquainted with some eight or ten different tribes, and for several years a missionary among them in the States and Territories, I am prepared to state from my own experience that a kinder or more loyal race of human beings cannot be found in this or any other country, in their uncontaminated state and free from the baneful influence of the white Indian trader. I have never found a single tribe who did not believe in the Great Spirit and worship him in spirit and truth, according to the best of their knowledge. As to their honesty and integrity, an Indian's game hung up in the woods is as safe from theft as it would be in his own wigwam. And as to anything like profanity, there is not a single word in their language for cursing or swearing. But an Indian is no fool, or unlike other human beings, and they are governed somewhat by the principles of equity recognized in the Bible—"With the measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again." They remember a kindness, and never forget an injury.

CAUSE FOR INDIAN TROUBLES.

No effect can be produced without a cause. So it was in regard to the Indian troubles of the Northwest, or of the Maumee Valley. No section of the country furnished them so many attractions for a quiet and peaceful home as the Was-o-ha-conda or the Maumee Valley. The oak openings and cran-

berry marshes supplied them with fruit, the wilderness with game, the lakes and rivers with a variety of fowls and fish, and here they could indulge themselves in their light bark canoes upon these beautiful waters, and enjoy the pleasures of nature in all of its wildest profusion.

It is not surprising, therefore, that they became somewhat sensitive when the white man commenced intruding upon their territory and thrusting them out to seek homes somewhere else, or that they attempted to defend their inalienable rights and protect the homes of their wives and children and the graves of their loved ones and of their honored ancestry, or that they became the willing subjects and allies of a foreign power, and thus united their fortunes with the British Government.

However mercenary or deceptive may have been the feelings of the Canadian authorities, these untutored sons of the forest had the assurance of their support and protection. These were the promptings which inflamed their passions and rendered them disloyal subjects to the United States, and which finally left them deceived and disappointed, weakened in power and diminished in numbers—scattered and driven as before the whirlwind.

AS TO THESE INDIAN TROUBLES.

I am pleased to say there were some honorable

exceptions, even among these Indians. Such was the case with the Wyandottes. Three hundred and sixty-four of them had formed themselves into a peaceable colony, and had established their headquarters near where Fremont is now located, along the margin of the Sandusky River. They assumed a neutral position, and established an asylum to all who were disposed to abide by their conditions.

Soon after the War of 1812, peace being restored between the United States and the British Government, this colony emigrated and settled on the Indian reservation on the Huron River near Flat Rock, in Michigan. Johannes, a white man who had been captured by the Indians in youth, was my informant as to this colony, and he was well known by the early white settlers at Flat Rock. And I would here refer to the names of the following persons who were well acquainted with him in 1832 and '34, during the time of my missionary labors among these Indians: Rev. Rolla H. Chubb, now of Delaware, Ohio; Peleg Clark, now of Sylvania, Lucas County, Ohio; Dr. John Near, the Frelands, Johnsons, Pattees, Ransoms, and others of Flat Rock.

Johannes, at the time of his death, claimed to be 114 years of age, and from the knowledge I had of his family—Blue Jacket, his son; No Fat and Spy Buck, his grandchildren, and Ta-Wau-Tee, his great-grandchild, with whom he lived, and where he died

—I am inclined to think that he must have lived to a very great age. During my missionary labors at this place I preached his funeral sermon, from Job xlii: 18: "So Job died, being old and full of days."

INCONVENIENCES OF A MISSIONARY LIFE.

My missionary labors in Canada and Michigan among the Indians were very different from those in Ohio, where we enjoyed many of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and where the farm and the missionary appropriation supplied the wants of the mission and school. But at all other stations the Indians had to provide for themselves, and the missionary lived with his parishioners, unless he could find some place in the white settlement where they could afford to keep him for his good looks, or wait for their reward in Heaven. As to myself, I was, like Peter, without silver or gold, and the Indians felt that they were conferring a favor when they gave me the best they had, and hence the log school house was the sanctuary, parlor, kitchen and sleeping room. I preferred doing my own cooking; my food was of the plainest quality, such as I could obtain from the Indians, and consisted principally of deer or bear meat, 'coon, ground hog, or 'possum, occasionally some dried corn with small wild fruit, such as cranberries, sweetened with Indian sugar, but not always free from hair or feathers. My bed-

stead was two saw horses covered with boards; my bed of deer or bear skins, my pillow a calico sack filled with dry grass, and the covering my blanket or cloak. My time was occupied in preaching on Sabbath, teaching during the week, and doctoring at night. My medical skill was principally in treating children for the croup, to which they were more or less subjected in the fall and spring. But were there no physicians among them? They had what they called medicine men, who claimed supernatural skill, but were as destitute of medical science as they were of common sense. But they were not the greatest humbugs in the world. The greatest humbug is the professional man among the whites, who claims to be an "Indian doctor." If he has any merit as a physician, he never obtained it in an Indian wigwam.

When it is said that an Indian cannot be civilized or Christianized, I demur. If there is any confidence to be placed in the power of the Gospel and the triumph of the Cross of Christ, many of these sons of the forest have lived right, and they have died right, exclaiming in their last moments, Duraw-may-raw-dun-traw-mau-rau-squa-hi-ca—Glory hallelujah, Jesus smiles and bids me come. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

An interesting circumstance occurred at this mission in 1834, during my ministry at this Indian sta-

tion, demonstrating their fidelity and Christian principle.

Rev. L. B. Gurley, the young Presiding Elder, had failed to visit this charge until the latter part of the year. He arrived on Saturday evening quite unexpectedly, and desired to proceed with his quarterly services. The interpreter being absent visiting the Indian mission in Canada, it was somewhat doubtful whether anyone could be obtained whose services would be acceptable. The congregation having assembled, they were informed that Mr. Cotter would officiate as interpreter. To this they objected. Mr. Gurley tried to persuade them to become reconciled, as this was the best that could be done, as Mr. Cotter was the only interpreter on hand. They shook their heads, giving an unusual grunt, and stating their objections, that "this quadroon Indian is no good; he drink fire-water and get *cockosa* (that is he would get *drunk*) and we no hear him preach." The Elder said that he would do the preaching, and the interpreter would only repeat to them what he said. Again they shook their heads, giving another unusual grunt, and said to Mr. Gurley, "He no plead any more for this man Cotter. They were determined not to drink *clean* water out of a *dirty cup*." The services were concluded with an interesting conversational meeting, which was quite satisfactory to the new Elder, who admired their Christian character

and abhorrence of intemperance. Mr. Cotter was no doubt interested in their zeal as to intemperance, but concluded, however, that their objections and remarks in regard to himself were somewhat personal.

The Indian question is a problem which is not easily solved, but would it not be a better policy, as well as more humane, for Congress to appropriate means to civilize and Christianize them, than to keep a standing army to annihilate them.

Where did these Indians go? The Delawares formerly of Marion Co., ceeded their reservation to Col. John McElvain the United States Commissioner at little Sandusky, Ohio, August 3, 1829, and soon after moved west of the Mississippi river. In August, 1831, he also negotiated with the Senecas of Lewiston, and the Shawnees of Wapakoneta, and they were removed to a reservation in what is now now Kansas, in September, 1832. In 1824 the Ottawas upon the Maumee river near Gilead, now Grand Rapids, disposed of their claim and moved west. The Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Wyandottes, Shawnees, Muncies and Delawares had ceeded their rights to the Fire Lands by their re-respective chiefs in what is now the city of Toledo, July 4, 1805, and soon after settled in different parts of the State, a few going to Michigan and other Territories.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MISSISSIPPI AND MISSIONARY WORK.

At the close of my missionary labors in Ohio, Canada and the Michigan Territory, at the Springfield Conference in 1834, I was requested by the Bishop to go west and labor among the Sioux and Fox Indians, who were at that time making their home and headquarters near Rock Island, on the west side of the Upper Mississippi. I was also to extend my labors along the Mississippi river, visiting all the white settlements and providing the scattered membership with the means of grace; and, as there was no missionary appropriation, I was expected to defray my own expenses in reaching that country, and then trust God and the good will of the few white settlements for my support.

At that time there were but few white settlements in what was then the Northwestern Territory, save along the Mississippi river, for as yet the Northwestern Territory was not divided up into States and Territories as at present, but was a vast wilderness extending to the Rocky Mountains, and was inhabited principally by Indian tribes. Even the Mormons, who were the early settlers in the far west, had not as yet emigrated to their new homes in Utah. And

what few white inhabitants there were between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains were merely squatters upon the government lands, and were compelled to wait until the public lands were surveyed before they could secure what was termed a pre-emption right.

I had been assigned to the Medina Circuit, Ohio, with the understanding that I should remain in that charge until I could make my arrangements to move west. I returned to my family, then at North Amherst, Lorain county, Ohio, and consulted with my wife and her adopted parents, Mr. Sholes, and his family, upon the subject.

Mr. Sholes had been for some time desiring to go west, and considered the Rock Island country a favorable place in which to locate, especially on the Illinois side of the Mississippi river. They at once consented to make arrangements to move, and to this end Mr. Sholes would offer his property for sale and we would dispose of what little we had in Amherst. As it would, however, require some six months or more to get ready for such a journey, I now entered upon my charge, the Medina Circuit, and traveled upon this work until the next spring.

This charge extended over a part of three counties, including the most of Medina and a part of Portage county. As I was alone, and the Lord seemed disposed to favor my efforts with extensive revivals

wherever I went, and there was a prospect of accomplishing a great amount of good during the winter at these protracted efforts, I now sought for help, and employed a young man, the Rev. Austin Coleman, to travel with me. I furnished him a horse and paid him $20 a month for his services, to keep up the regular appointments, while I attended to my protracted meetings and building churches.

My colleague proved to be a valuable co-laborer. Our revival work continued throughout the entire winter, and resulted in several hundred conversions and accessions to the Church. Especially did the Lord pour out his spirit in a wonderful manner at Yellow Basin, Medina, Akron, Granger, Saville, and several other places and neighborhoods. And out of this number four became active and useful ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. George Howe, M. D., who was converted at Medina, will long be remembered. For several years he was a member of the Ohio Conference, and filled many of the best stations and occupied many important positions. But whatever became of Lawyer Tiffany I cannot say. For several years he was a very popular minister on the Western Reserve, a great reasoner, an eloquent speaker and a perfect masterpiece in meeting, and in refuting the errors of infidelity and skepticism. At last he emigrated to the far west.

In the spring of 1835 Mr. Sholes and myself to-

gether with our families, Fanny and Adelaide Allen, nieces of Mrs. Sholes and Mrs. Gavitt, commenced arranging matters for our western journey. Shipping our goods from North Amherst to Cleveland, and from there by the canal to Portsmouth, Ohio, and from there on a steamboat to Rock Island. Leaving my family in the care of Mr. Sholes, I now started on horseback for Mansfield, Ohio, to see my Presiding Elder and obtain my release from the charge of the Medina Circuit, and a recommendation to take with me west. Having obtained these, I now started for Portsmouth, traveling day and night, hoping to reach there in time to accompany my family. The last night of my journey led me through Chillicothe, and as the inhabitants of the place appeared to be locked up in slumber, I concluded to slack up and let my horse walk through the town and get some rest, as I felt I was safe from all harm in such a quiet city. All at once a large man sprang out from an alley, and seizing my horse by the bridle, demanded my money. I said that he could have all that I had if he so desired, as I had only fifty cents left; that I was a Methodist minister making my way to Portsmouth, hoping to meet some friends before they shipped for the far west; and if he had any doubts as to my profession, I would show him my Bible and hymn book, as there was a bright star light and he could see for himself.

He appeared to be somewhat surprised at the little prospect of any money, and said that I was not the person he was looking for, and I might pass on. My horse having rested some, I was soon out of his reach, and more than thankful for my Bible, which had served me better than a revolver. This was a new kind of weapon, the merits of which he appeared to have no desire to contest. I must admit I had some trouble in my throat, and palpitation of the heart, and took no pleasure in the midnight introduction. I still believe my Bible made a favorable impression upon his mind, or I might have fared worse.

OUR PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO AND UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

We were one week and three days on our way to Rock Island, and late in the afternoon our goods were landed on the river bank not far from Fort Stevenson. What to do with them was the first question. We were among strangers, and in what is now the great city of Rock Island. We had no house or home, and at that day there were but few people in the place, and not a house to rent. After searching some time to find a place where we could store our goods, Mr. Case informed us that there was an empty log house a short distance up the river which he could let us have for a short time at one dollar per day; but he warned us that as this house had

been occupied as a whisky establishment and a resort for the Indians, we might be somewhat annoyed and had better secure the doors and windows as best we could to prevent the Indians from coming in, as they might suppose we had liquor for sale as others had done.

Getting all our goods into the house, we commenced to barricade and prepare for defense. Sure enough, the Indians came, and we suffered much during the night from fear. This was our first watch night in the west, but not entirely without prayer. Like St, Paul, we cast anchor and wished for the day. The next morning we informed the Indian agent of the circumstances under which we were placed, and he sent out the interpreter to inform them who we were and that they must not disturb us, but keep away from our dwelling.

During the day Colonel Davenport was informed of our condition, and that we had come to settle in the new country, and he came to see who we were When we had shown him our papers and explained our motive in coming, he kindly sent two sail boats and hands to remove our goods, and assigned us a very comfortable log dwelling on the island; and to make our circumstances more comfortable, he furn ished us with a cow and many other conveniences, and remained a warm and abiding friend until the day of his death.

The ground where the city of Davenport is now located was first secured by a squatter's right. Mr. Laclare, a member of the Black Hawk nation, had settled in this place on Government land and had secured his right by pre-emption, erecting a small log house in which he lived until this section of the country was surveyed and the public lands offered for sale. This log house was the first building in Davenport. Soon after this, Col. Davenport bought a half interest in this pre-emption claim, and now became a partner with Mr. Laclare, the town being named after Davenport. In 1835 Captain Sholes purchased one-half of Colonel Davenport's interest in the place, thus becoming a stockholder with them; and during this year in company with myself, erected a very comfortable frame house on his part of the village, being the second building ever erected in this place. In this house I preached the first sermon, formed the first class and established the first Sabbath School in what is now the great city of Davenport.

In 1836 Mr. Sholes became somewhat dissatisfied with the country, and sold out his interest and returned to Ohio and settled in Columbus, where he lived and died, and where Mrs. Sholes is still living, pleasantly situated. Captain Stanton Sholes was a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He made his house a home for the early itinerant ministers, contributed to their support and to all the be-

nevolent institutions of the Church, and in 1832 built the first frame church in North Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio, principally out of his own means. He died as he lived, and has entered upon his reward, but not without leaving upon the minds of his many friends the impression of his excellence, not only as a brave and worthy officer in the defense of his country in 1812, but as a neighbor and as a Christian, who at an early day contributed largely in planting Methodism in Lorain County, Ohio.

EXTENT OF MY LABORS.

My missionary work in the Northwest was not confined to Davenport alone, although this place was my home and headquarters. I traveled from the Missouri State line to St. Anthony's Falls, now in Minnesota, preaching in all the towns and hunting up all the white settlements along the west side of the Mississippi river, and so far back in the country as I could learn of any white inhabitants. During this year I preached in Burlington in a log house owned by Mr. Ross to all the membership said to be within five miles. It was seldom I had the pleasure of spending a night in a house. Most of the time I camped out on the wide prairie, carrying my provisions with me in my saddle bags, and occasionally supplying my wants from the strawberries which were abundant on the open prairies. I made the

round every four weeks, preaching to the soldiers stationed at the garrison on Rock Island, and also in the afternoon at Davenport and Rockingham in the house of John Sullivan, Esq. Colonel Davenport and General Taylor, afterwards President of the United States, were among my hearers on the island, and contributed to my support, and also many of the soldiers, all of whom were warm and abiding friends.

My missionary work among the Indians did not prove as successful as I could have wished. I had the confidence and good will of many of the chiefs, especially of Black Hawk and Keokuk. The whisky influence was very pernicious. An old man by the name of Leach kept a drinking establishment and used all his influence against any moral or religious improvement among the Indians, lest it might affect his business. But with all, the Lord was pleased to own my labors, and I trust that much good was accomplished in the early planting of Methodism in the Northwestern territory, and my missionary labors among these children of the forest.

RETURNING TO OHIO AND CONFERENCE.

In the latter part of August, 1835, I started to attend the session of my conference in Ohio. Leaving my family on Rock Island in the care of their friends, I returned by way of Chicago, principally by stage;

and, as there were no railroads in that day, I traveled from there by water across Lake Michigan, around to Detroit, Michigan, and from there across Lake Erie to Cleveland, Ohio, and from thence by stage to the seat of the conference.

At the close of this session I made my arrangements for my homeward trip. Having tried the river route, stage and lake route, and the often-repeated accidents from fire and explosion, I concluded that the best and the cheapest route would be to return by land. Having $3,000 in gold to take with me, and having some knowledge of the new and unsettled country I would have to pass through, infested with thieves and robbers, to prevent all suspicion I purchased a two-horse wagon and a fine span of horses, and engaged Abraham Rice, of Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio, a good Methodist brother, to furnish a third horse and to do the teaming. Stopping at Granville, Licking County, Ohio, to visit my parents, I purchased of Mr. Wright, a tanner, fifty bushels of cow's hair, at the cost of $2.50, which would meet a ready sale in the far West, for plastering purposes, and buried my money in the hair, in the middle of the wagon, in case the fore and hind parts should be searched by those who were searching for plunder. I then informed my family at Rock Island, by letter, of my route, of the contents of my load, and of the brother who was to accom-

pany me, and told them I should return home as soon as possible.

RETURNING HOME TO ROCK ISLAND.

Having equipped ourselves for our journey, on Monday morning, the first week in October, we started. As we passed through the town of Springfield, the constable was offering a horse for sale at auction. Some one had bid $10, and in passing I bid $12. No sooner said than the horse was struck off to me. I returned, paid the money, took the receipt, and started with my horse, and soon after came up with my teamster. Two days after this as we stopped to feed, my best horse in the team was taken sick. We remained at this place a few days, doctoring the horse, hoping for the best, but with little or no improvement. I then made arrangements with a farmer to take the horse, with the understanding that if it died no charges should be made, but if he lived I was to pay all expenses. But this was the last I ever heard of the horse. The buying of the Springfield horse appeared somewhat providential as he now supplied the place of the sick one. We started again on our journey, but before we reached Indianapolis my Springfield horse, in crossing a pole bridge, had sprained one of his fore legs, and we now had to dispose of him as best we could, and supply the place with the one I had been

riding. However, the next day I was enabled to purchase a valuable black horse at a reasonable price, and have a horse to ride as before. He proved to be a splendid animal; but before we reached the Illinois State line he was taken sick with the botts, and we were again delayed several days in attending to him, and now in the third week of our journey, the worst and most dangerous part was yet to be accomplished. I confess I became somewhat discouraged; but I was too far from home, or from where I had started, to retreat or take any other route. My teamster, being accustomed to hardships, concluded we were doing as well as could be expected for a new country and the little grain we could obtain for our horses, and encouraged me to hope that the remainder of our journey might be more favorable.

Having passed Peoria, we obtained all the information we could as to the best and safest route to to Rock Island; and now commenced bearing to the Northwest, hoping to find a main traveled road leading toward the Mississippi River. We knew that the nearer we approached this great commercial thoroughfare the more thickly the country would be inhabited, and the better we should be protected from thieves and robbers; and also have better accommodations for ourselves and horses. However, in this we were somewhat disappointed. The third day we found ourselves among swamps and swales, without

any definite traveled road; and the best thing we could do was to follow along where the grass was broken down. We spent the day as best we could without ever seeing a house or a single human being. Just before night we passed over a medium sized stream and came in sight of a log hut standing in a grove of small timber. The evening was fine, and there was a prospect of a beautiful star-light night favorable for camping out, or otherwise. I requested my teamster to halt and remain where he was while I should go and see "how the land lay," and whether we could be accommodated over night.

Entering this log shanty I found five miserable looking human beings sitting on the ground floor, around a pot, eating what I supposed to be their supper; not a female was to be seen; there were guns and dogs in the corner of the room, and bed clothes, hanging over head. From their appearance and motions I was well satisfied who and what they were, and the purpose for which they had located in this secluded place. Here they could commit their midnight crimes without detection, and no one on this route would ever return to report their bloody deeds.

My first inquiry was to know how many families and teams they could accommodate?

There was no difficulty as to that, they could keep as many as might come.

"Then finish your suppers," said I, "and I will go out and report."

Stepping to my teamster I informed him of our unfortunate condition; and told him that he must escape as rapidly as possible, and keep the Northern star before him, and not stop until his horses gave out, or he was sure that he was out of all danger, and I would return and divert them until he could start and be well advanced, and then I would try and escape, if possible; if not, that he was to take the money to my wife.

On entering the hut again, I inquired "how they could arrange matters for the night, and if they could provide for so many horses." But this kind of talk did not interest them in the least. They appeared to be much excited, and one of them now stood guarding the door. But watching my opportunity until he was called aside and all were collected in a group in one corner of the room, in close conversation, I was out and on my horse, and under headway They now commenced firing, and pursuing with their guns and dogs. My horse being well quickened by the report of their guns and the barking of their dogs, by one of which he was several times well nigh thrown, I was soon out of their reach, and when the last dog gave out and turned back, I thanked God and took courage. I still kept the star before me, and at a late hour of the evening, I

came in sight of the wagon, and by the star-light recognized the white cover. As I rode up I called a halt. Brother Rice was much surprised to see me, as he had heard the report of their guns and the baying of their dogs, and could not conceive how it was possible I could escape.

Soon after we came to a small stream, where we halted. I rode along the bank hoping to find a place where we could cross, and at last discovered a trail leading down the bank, where the grass appeared broken down as if some one had recently passed. I called to Mr. Rice to come on, as I had found a place where I thought we could ford the stream. At that a voice was heard from the other side:

"Who is there?"

This produced a wonderful shock upon our nerves, fearing it might be those inhuman wretches from whom we had escaped; but we finally concluded the voice sounded more like that of some one lost. I now rode back and halloed "who's there?"

"My name is Hall," cried he.

"What are you doing over there at this time of night?"

He replied he had been out on a hunting excursion and was belated on his way home.

"And now who are you?"

"My name is Gavitt."

"Are you from Ohio?"

"I am."

"Are you a Methodist minister?"

"I am."

"Is your name Elnathan C. Gavitt?"

"That is my name."

"I am well acquainted with you, and have heard you preach in Ohio."

"Can you cross the stream?" said I.

He plunged in, and was soon by my side.

After passing the usual compliments, and relating the circumstances which had brought us together at that late hour, the next question I asked him was, "Where do you live, and what has brought you into this wilderness?"

He said he had been a Mormon minister, and when they were driven out of Missouri he preferred living with his own family, and had sought this secluded place away from all white inhabitants, on a wild and extensive prairie.

"Can we find our way out from this point, to a road leading to Rock Island?" I inquired.

"Go home with me, and I will put you on the right road," said he.

"How far do you suppose it is to your place?"

"Perhaps six or eight miles."

"Can you find the way from this point?"

"I am well acquainted with all this country, and

in the morning we shall have no trouble in finding the way home."

On reaching his humble dwelling his kind lady was as much pleased as her husband had been to see me, having been a member of my charge in Ohio, and never having united with the Mormons.

When I first knew Mr. Hall he was a practicing physician, and an acceptable member of the Church; but he had been led away, as others had been, by the early Mormon influence. Polygamy, however, did not accord well with the Doctor's views, or family relations. One of the high priests claimed his wife and was determined to have her according to the usages of the Mormon Church; and the only way to escape the peril was to flee to the wilderness, or some secluded place on the prairie.

Having remained with them a few days, resting and recruiting our horses, the Doctor piloted us out and placed us upon a more direct route to Rock Island.

The next morning, after camping out over night, we saw a man riding towards us in great haste, and now concluded there was trouble ahead and that the Indians were pursuing the whites. When he came up, I requested him to stop and inform us if there was any danger ahead, and if so what it was. He said there was, and that we would soon find it out.

"Pray tell us what it is."

"Well, if I must, then I must. The fact is, I have been to mill, and they have stolen my grist, and now they are running me for the bag. I have no time to stop, so good bye."

When he left we were thankful we had escaped one more scoundrel; and that with no preventing Providence, one day more would finish our long and tedious journey of more than six weeks, amidst friends and foes, mud and storm.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BANDITTI OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

Mr. Borney, who was among the early pioneers of Rock Island and Northwestern Illinois, gives a very satisfactory account, in his published work, of the band of robbers from which we had so providentially escaped, Grant Redding, and his accomplices, located on what he called "Devil's Creek," and the many depredations which they had committed.

I now propose to give a brief account, which may not be altogether uninteresting, of the repeated crimes committed in this western country at that early day.

MURDER OF MILLER, AND LIECY, HIS SON-IN-LAW.

In 1845, Mr. Miller emigrated from the southern part of Ohio to the northwestern part of Illinois; and gave notice, that he would like to purchase a large and well improved farm and could pay the money for the same. This was a sufficient notice to all the raiders of the Northwest. On the night of the 10th of May, while they were asleep, three men entered the house of Mr. Miller and his son-in-law. The first man, as he entered the room, opened his dark lantern, the light reflecting upon Mr. Miller,

and Liecy being aroused and seeing the assassin, they sprang to the floor, and now the work of death commenced. With a desperate effort, Mr. Miller succeeded in throwing his antagonist out of the house, and was about to close the door, when one of the robbers pierced his heart with a long bowie knife, and he fell dead upon the floor. Mr. Liecy, with almost superhuman strength, had his antagonist down on the floor, and would soon have choked him to death, but the cries of the assassin brought one of the company to his assistance, and Mr. Liecy was stabbed in the side. He rallied at once and pursued the one who had stabbed him, but was shot, and sank to the floor. But such were the screams and shrieks of the terrified women, that the murderers had no time to look for money, and fled without accomplishing more than the death of their victims. Mr. Liecy lived long enough to tell his sufferings, and to identify the man who had shot him, and the other murderers.

These men were traced to Nauvoo, and two of them were apprehended, William and Stephen Hodges. They were convicted and executed. But while they were yet in jail awaiting their execution Erwin Hodges, their brother, threatened the Mormon Church, and swore that if Brigham Young did not send men enough to destroy the jail and release his brothers, he would denounce the whole Mormon

Church, and expose all of their iniquity. However, he had but little time to execute these alarming threats, as on the same day, before midnight, he was murdered in the streets of Nauvoo, and no effort was made to find out who had done the horrible deed. Soon after, Brigham Young stated to his followers in a public discourse that they had no business to inquire who killed Erwin Hodges, and that the members of the Church should mind their own matters.

Mrs. Lydia Hodges, wife of Amos Hodges, who was in attendance on the day of the trial of these Hodges, as the main witness for the defense, sent for one of their counsel, and when he arrived burst into tears and exclaimed, "Must I go into court?"

"Mrs. Hodges, if you can swear the boys were at home the night of the murder, then your testimony will be very important. Can you do that?" asked the counsel.

"They were not at home that night. They left in company with Tom Brown, and said they were going over into Iowa; and they did not return until morning."

"Did they say anything about the murder?"

"They said they had a desperate fight, and were fearful they had killed two men."

"What is their business here in Nauvoo?"

"Robbery is the only thing."

"Who are engaged with them?"

"All their father's family, and the leaders in the Mormon Church encourage them and share with them in the spoils."

"Are you knowing to all this, or is it a mere rumor?"

"I know it to be so, and am now brought here to swear them clear. They have always been kind to me, and yet I cannot swear my soul to eternal perdition and destroy all my hopes of happiness, both here and hereafter, to save them. Must I go to Court?"

"I cannot say, Mrs. Hodges, what may be required?"

"I cannot and I will not go. I cannot swear *for* them, and I will not swear *against* them."

Such is the statement of one who professes to know Tom Brown, who was the leading spirit, and the one who murdered Mr. Miller, and who fled to parts unknown, and escaped the gallows.

JEREMIAH STRAWN AND THE MINISTER.

In 1845, three men forced their way into the house of Mr. Strawn about midnight. One of them, with a loaded revolver in his hand approached the bedside of Mr. Strawn and his wife, and threatened them with instant death if they made any resistance or gave the least alarm, and demanded their money.

"What I have," said the old gentleman, "you will find in that bureau drawer."

"You have more than this," exclaimed one of the company.

"Here is only one hundred dollars and these two old watches. They are not of much use to us."

"Come, old man, we must have more than this, or we will kill you, and set fire to your house and roast the whole of you."

"That is all I have. If you kill me, you will find no more."

Jeremiah Strawn, of Illinois, was the brother of Joel Strawn, who settled in Lower Sandusky, Ohio, at an early day, and who was the father of Mrs. Emmerson, formerly my brother Asa Gavitt's wife, and is well known in Fremont. Mr. Strawn was supposed to be immensely rich, having several thousand acres of the very best prairie land on which he grazed his numerous herds of cattle, and making large sales every month. It was natural for these robbers to suppose he had more money on hand than he had represented.

"Well," said one of the assassins, "before we take your word for it, we will look still further. And whom have you in this room?"

"A Methodist clergymen," said Mr. Strawn. "I hope you will not trouble him; he is a poor man, with an afflicted family, on his way home from his

Quarterly meeting, and they have paid him but little money."

"A Methodist preacher? We will soon dispatch him. It is no crime to kill a preacher, especially a Methodist preacher. They are sure of heaven, and we can soon relieve him of his poverty. What say you, boys; shall I wind up his ministry or let him still preach and pray for such sinners as we are?"

So saying he entered the room. "See here, Mr. Preacher, I want your money!"

He said he had but little, and was now on his way home, to his family who were destitute of almost everything to eat.

"No parley as to poverty. Tell me where your money is, and your watch. I never killed a minister but what had a watch. Come, be quick, or I shall blow your brains out."

The poor brother, preferring to go home to his afflicted family than going to heaven that night, gave him his six dollars and his watch; and as the assassin came out of the room, he said to those who were standing guard and waiting his return:

"See here, boys, this is the best thing out. If we are arrested for robbing this old man and preacher, all that will be required of us is to plead insanity, for there is not a jury or a man that would believe for a moment that any person in his right mind would think of robbing a Methodist minister with

the expectation of finding any money. Poor fellow, these Methodist ministers must have pluck to preach hell and damnation as they do at camp meetings, and ride all over creation and get nothing for it. He looked so innocent when he spoke of his wife and children, I was of a mind to give him back his watch."

However, this was not done, as the watch was found, together with Col. Davenport's gold watch and chain, in the possession of Burch and Long at the time they were captured at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio.

The robbers of Strawn having obtained everything of any value to them, bade Mr. Strawn and his wife good night, and hoped they might have quiet and peaceful slumbers; stating however, that the next time they made him a visit he must have more money on hand, as this job had hardly paid expenses; and then they warned them not to make any alarm, or even attempt to follow them as that would be instant death. They were pursued, however, the next day to Nauvoo, but were so well protected they could not be found.

Mr. Strawn gave it as his opinion, that as there was a minister of the gospel at his house who pleaded his poverty; and as he offered no resistance, these men took it for granted they were all members of the Church; and hardened as they were, having the

fear of God, prevented them from setting fire to his house, or murdering him and his family. However he had no desire for any further experiments as to their piety or motives.

MURDER OF COL. DAVENPORT.

On the western shore of Rock Island, facing the Iowa side of the river, stands a beautiful residence, the home of Col. George Davenport, where he had lived for more than 30 years as one of the early settlers of the Northwestern Territory. An Englishman by birth, he had accumulated a handsome property by honest business transactions, and was loved, respected and esteemed by all who knew him; and no one supposed he would have been harmed.

On the 4th day of July, 1845, all the family had gone over to the city of Rock Island, on the Illinois side, to attend the National celebration. Col. Davenport sat in his parlor, reading and reflecting upon the goodness of Providence to him in his old age. Presently he heard a noise outside of the house, and upon starting to ascertain the cause, the door was suddenly pushed open and three men stood before him. Not a word was spoken, but almost instantly the foremost of the assassins discharged a revolver at the old man. The ball passed through the left thigh, and as the Colonel turned to grasp his cane which stood near him, the three men rushed

upon him, blindfolded him, pinioned his arms and legs, and dragged him up a flight of stairs to a closet containing an iron safe, which they compelled him to open. They took the contents of the safe, and then dragged him into another room and placed him upon a bed and demanded more money. The old man pointed them to a drawer in a dressing table near by. Failing to find anything of value, and believing he intended to deceive them, they flew at him, and beat and choked him until he fainted and became insensible. They then tried to restore him to consciousness by dashing water in his face and pouring it down his throat, and threatened to set fire to his house and fry him alive, unless he would tell them where the remainder of his money was. But failing to bring the old gentleman to, and having but little hope of getting any more money, they left the house, having obtained $700 in money, a gold watch and chain, a gun, and a few other things of less value. With medical aid, the Colonel so far recovered that, when his family returned, he was able to describe the robbers, and bidding them farewell, he died that evening between nine and ten o'clock.

The circumstances connected with the murder of Col. Davenport were published in all the papers; a description was given of the men, and of the gold watch, chain and gun, and a large reward was offered by the family and the community for the cap

ture of the murderers. They were traced to Nauvoo, as the others had been. The whole country was excited; and it was the universal sentiment that Nauvoo was a rendezevous for all these murderers and robbers, and fears were entertained of the entire destruction of the Mormon tribe. This den of iniquity suddenly became too hot for the banditti, and they commenced to scatter, fleeing to different States and Territories, and but few of the gang could be found. Old Grant Redding, who had his house on Devil's Creek, from which we escaped, fled to parts unknown. John Long and Robert Burch were traced into Ohio and were captured at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, and with them was found the Methodist preacher's watch taken from him at the robbery of Strawn, and also Col. Davenport's gold watch and chain, as before stated.

In October, at the circuit term of court, from the best evidence that could be obtained, John Baxter, William Fox, John Long, Aaron Long, Robert Burch, Granville Young, Grant Redding and William Redding, were indicted as principals and accessories in the murder of Col. George Davenport, of Rock Island, Illinois. Out of this number, John Long, Granville Young and Aaron Long were convicted and executed at Rock Island. Robert Burch broke jail, after he had been sentenced to be hung, and escaped. Two were sent to the penitentary.

I now propose to give my own experience at Nauvoo, and my observations of Mormonism. In 1842, in company with Martin Belden, of North Amherst, Lorain Co., Ohio, we landed from a boat, near Nauvoo, as from low water we could not pass the rapids in the Mississippi river. Being acquainted with a Mr. C., a Mormon priest, one of the twelve, I proposed to Mr. Belden that we should go and see if we could get accommodations with him over night; and as he was a prominent man in the place, we soon found his house. He appeared much pleased to see us, but when we made known our errand, and he learned that we were not Mormons, he appeared to be disappointed and embarrased, and hesitated, as though he knew not what to say. To turn us away he could not well do, as he had often been accommodated by our kindness and hospitality when he was a minister of another Church, in Ohio.

At last he consented that we should remain with him over night, but more than intimated that he would have to use some deception to prevent our being disturbed of our repose, as we were strangers in the place. And this proved to be another watch night with us, and one not altogether without anxiety and prayer, as there was a constant coming and going all night. But faithful to his trust, Mr. C. protected us from all harm, by stating that we were green Mormons looking for a home. The next

morning our host conducted us around the city and gave a view of the new temple which was but partially finished. He introduced us as Mormons, or such as would soon be; and as silence was the better part of valor, we made no reply. I left Mr. Belden in the care of Mr. C. and started to find Mrs. Smith, who had been a member of my charge, in Ohio. She was much pleased to see me and said that she was surprised to learn, that morning, that Mr. Belden and myself were Mormons, hunting for a place to live. "How did you learn that?" "By one who was at your house, last night. He said that Brother C. told him you were a set of greenhorn Mormon preachers from Ohio." However when she learned that we were on our way North, and expected to return to Ohio soon, she wanted to know if I could not devise some way for her escape from Nauvoo, without being detected, as it would be instant death to be arrested.

Unluckily for Mrs. Smith I had known but too well the way she deviled her husband, until she got him to join the Mormons, and go with her to Kirkland, in Ohio, where the Mormons started, and erected their first temple, before they emigrated to Illinois. "I would advise you as Mr. Wesley did a young man who consulted him as to marrying a certain young lady. 'I advise you not to do it.' 'But,' said the young man, 'is she not a member of your

Church? and if so, is she not a good woman?' 'Let me say to you young man, God may live with some women, with whom you and I could not.' Now as you are with these latter day saints, my opinion is they will bear more with you than your friends in Ohio, and you had better remain where you are. Father Smith, I trust, has gone to heaven, if, at least they have any place there for Mormons. But why is it you have no husband? I supposed every woman here had some kind of a man to live with."

"I am too old; they do not want me," she said.

"I am fearful that when you die, St. Peter too, will feel that way, if he is as well posted as to the deviltry of Nauvoo as I was myself last night.

THE TAVERN AND WHAT OCCURRED.

Learning there would be a boat on hand by night, late in the afternoon our host conducted us to the tavern where the boat was to land and receive passengers for Rock Island. We were first introduced into the basement, or underground room. Here was a large crowd of men and women, swearing, drinking, quarreling and gambling. The cry of murder was heard. A gray headed man, partially drunk and flourishing a revolver, was stabbed to the heart and expired. A general row ensued, and was a most fearful sight to behold. Apprehending danger I proposed to Mr. Belden to go up stairs into the

parlor. This, the guide said, would cost something. I offered to defray all expense. The landlord consented to admit us into the room, if we paid him "two bits" apiece, which would be twenty-five cents. The money was paid, and soon the colored man was called and we were provided with a small fire, the evening being somewhat damp and cold. As we were now in comfortable quarters, we set down to rest, hoping we were free from the rabble or any further annoyance. But in this we were disappointed. A man from Missouri had been landed at the Rapids, and like ourselves was waiting for the evening boat that would come as far as Nauvoo and return. As this stranger entered the parlor, the landlord demanded of him the two bits, which he refused to pay. He was now ordered out of the room, but refused to go. The negro was called and the stranger was forced out of the house, and now there was profanity enough for a regiment. The Missourian was a tall man, well dressed, and had the appearance of a gentleman, and, as I further learned, was a doctor or a lawyer, and appeared very much mortified. At last the boat arrived, much to our host's pleasure, as he would soon be relieved of his more than unwelcome charge. As he gave us his hand to bid us good by, it trembled like a leaf, and he begged us not to betray him, as he would have to suffer. I said that he need have no fears, we would

be as true to him as he had been to us; and I would now say as the boy did when he was drowning: "If the Lord would help him out of this scrape, he would never ask him again." I hope and trust in God that I may never have to remain another night in Nauvoo. But what must a man think of himself and his family to remain in such a place as this?

As we were about to step upon the boat, Mr. Belden asked the landlord his name, and from what State he came. He at first refused to answer, but at last said his name was Redding.

"I supposed," said my colleague, "it was some such name, as I never knew a man by that name who was not a blackhearted scoundrel."

By this time the landlord would have been pleased had Mr. Belden remained over night. He probably would have been reposing somewhere near Nauvoo at this time.

When we stood upon the boat and were now safe from the infuriated landlord, Mr. Belden and the Missourian, being somewhat inspired, delivered to the crowd standing on the wharf, a free speech, in which the landlord, Nauvoo and Mormonism were the principal features; and they received in turn a general outpouring of anathemas and cursings from the crowd on the bank of the river and wharf, and a pressing invitation for them to remain over night, which they unhesitatingly declined, preferring to

pursue their journey rather than go to heaven that night from Nauvoo. As for myself, I felt somewhat as the frogs while the boys were pelting them with clubs, "This may be fun for you, but it is death to us." I was fearful the crowd would rush upon the boat, and put an end to all such orators; and when the boat started, I was thankful to escape in safety from such a den of iniquity.

Mormonism is a blot upon the American people and will remain such and a political curse to this nation, as long as its existence is tolerated. All its abominations are in keeping with the vilest passions of human nature, and have been prominent features of heathenism, in every age of the world. And why Congress permits this iniquity to exist with its baneful influence God only knows.

PROVIDENTIAL RELIEF.

Before I close with the Northwestern Territory, I will refer to what I considered to be an act of providence, in relieving my embarrassed circumstances.

Moving with my family without any missionary appropriation to the far West, I had consumed about all my temporal means, and was dependent upon the charity of my friends. I had disposed of my horse and borrowed a small amount of money, and by so doing was enabled to purchase a fractional piece of land bordering on the bank of the Mississippi

river for which I had paid $175. The western country at that early day was well supplied with land speculators, purchasing town sites along the river. One of these speculators made me an offer for my land which I declined. The next day he called again and offered me $5,000, one third in money and the remainder to be paid in two years, his note with interest, without securing the payment by a mortgage. But this he would not do, as he proposed to lay it off into town lots and sell them in the East and preferred not to have any incumberance on the land. I declined his offer, but stated he could have the land for $5,000 in money, and that was the best I would do, and that he must decide what he would do before he left, or I might change my mind. He said, make out your deed and you shall have the money. The next day the contract was completed and the money received. This did not effect my piety, but it did increase my confidence in God, and his special providence, and that he would take care of those who took care of the interest of his cause. I was more than thankful and wept tears of joy, and said to my wife, I can leave you now with a light heart and penetrate the wilderness to the Rocky Mountains and have the pleasure of knowing you have the wherewithal to make yourself comfortable should any misfortune befall me. And may I ever confide in Him who has

said for my encouragement, "Lo! I am with you always."

METHODISM AT AN EARLY DAY.

Methodism was not the child of fortune, or favor at an early day, and I give the following illustration of what some ministers had to endure in planting Methodism in a new country, and especially among infidels and scoffers.

Ned Forgron had settled, as a blacksmith, in the village of Boldersville, Virginia, a community wherein there was but little moral or religious influence. He was a man of fine personal appearance, a firm constitution and power of endurance, and had some knowledge of history and political economy, which gave him considerable influence in the community in which he lived. Mr. Forgron was an admirer of Thomas Payne's writings, a decided enemy to Christianity, and especially to the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had publicly declared that he intended to whip every Methodist minister who passed through the place or by his blacksmith shop; and this threat had been widely circulated throughout the community. A new charge called the Vine Creek Mission had been established, which included the place where Mr. Forgron lived, and a promising young man of piety and perseverance had been assigned to this new field of

labor. He was a man of small stature, with a slender constitution, and had been apprised of what he might suffer if he should come in contact with this profane blasphemer, at Boldersville. Yet as his duty required him to carry the gospel to all classes of human beings, dangerous as the attempt might be, he still was in hopes to escape Mr. Forgron's notice. Such, however, was not his good fortune. As he was about to pass the blacksmith shop and was urging up his horse, Ned spied him and commanded him to stop and pay the penalty of the reproach which he had cast upon him. The young minister denied saying anything detrimental as to Mr. Forgron's reputation; and after receiving a few curses, and threats of what he should suffer if he ever passed through the village again, he was permitted to pass on to his appointment. Being intimidated by Ned's viciousness, the young brother concluded that God didn't require him to sacrifice his life by going where there was no law or moral influence to protect him, and that if there was no other route to the Vine Creek appointment, they would have to go without preaching.

At the ensuing Annual Conference, he informed his Presiding Elder that his call as a missionary in a new country had expired, and that he should not return on any condition whatever. The question now with the Bishop and Cabinet was, whom shall we send

upon the Vine Creek mission? This work must be supplied. It is not in keeping with Methodist economy to neglect these new fields of labor, however hard or difficult they may be. The Bishop requested the Presiding Elder to provide a man willing to undertake the work. At the next Cabinet meeting one of the elders reported he had found a brother who had no fears of the infidel blacksmith at Boldersville, and would take pleasure in going upon such a charge. And the name of James Nobleworth was announced for the Vine Creek Mission. The brother soon prepared for his new field of labor, but not without some anxiety on the part of his personal friends. However, he endeavored to quiet their fears by the pleasure which he anticipated in *beardıng* the lion in his den. Mr. Forgron soon heard of the new preacher, and was pleased to learn that he was large and stout, and not afraid of anything, not even the Devil himself. "To whip such a man will be of some credit. I will attend to his case; and he will not wish to return again any more than the young circuit rider. The fact is, such men are not wanted, preaching their hell fire and damnation, and getting the women all crazy after them."

Mr. Forgron learning that the minister would pass by his shop on Saturday afternoon, dismissed his striker and seated himself at the door of

his shop, with Tom. Paine's works as his companion. It was not long before he heard the singing of a familiar hymn, with a loud and clear voice, ringing through the forest:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

Mr. Forgron promptly seized the horse by the bridle, and saluted the strange minister: "Hello, you slab-sided hypocrite, get down from your horse and join me in my devotions, and I'll make a man of you by the time you get through reading Thomas Payne's testament."

"I have no time to spare," said Mr. Nobleworth, "as it is getting late, and I have some distance yet to go."

"Do you know that I am Ned Forgron, the blacksmith, and that I whip all the Methodist ministers that come this way?"

"I have heard of you," said the preacher. "I presume you will not insult strangers who are passing through the country, attending to their professional duties?"

"Yes, you Methodists are a wonderful presuming set of men," said Ned, "and I presume to attend to your case before you go any further. So get down from your horse."

"What do you require of me?" said Mr. Noble-

worth. "I should prefer to pass on to my appointment without any difficulty."

"In the first place," said Mr. Forgron, "you must quit preaching, and in the second place you must curse the Methodists wherever you go, and in the last place you must read Tom. Payne's Testament, and believe every word he says."

"Mr. Forgron," said the preacher, "your requirements are unreasonable, and I will not comply with them."

"Well, then," said Ned, "you will have to take a licking, and before I get through I may beat the willfulness out of you."

As Mr. Nobleworth saw no chance of escaping difficulty, he dismounted.

"I now ask one small favor, give me time to take my overcoat off, as it was a present to me by the ladies on my last Circuit, and I do not wish to soil it."

"Well, off with it, I shall not wait long."

And as the minister was pulling his arm out of the last sleeve, he took Ned under the right ear with his fist and dropped him to the ground. Quick as thought the minister was on top of him and held him fast to the ground. Poor Ned groaned in distress as the preacher commenced his devotional exercise, where he had left off as he approached the blacksmith shop:

"Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain
Supported by thy word."

And now, keeping time with the music in the hymn, he poured stroke after stroke over Ned's face and eyes. It was not long until poor Ned, nearly suffocated by the pressure of two hundred pounds or more, and not knowing when the music would close or the beating end, asked for quarter.

"Please, let me up. O, for God's sake, do hold up, and don't kill me. You are taking the breath out of me. Oh do let me up."

"Not just yet, Mr. Forgron. Before I do that," said the preacher, "I shall propose a few things to you."

"Do tell me quick what they are."

"In the first place, you must promise me that you will never again insult any man or minister passing through this country."

Here Ned's pride rose, though half choked, and still struggling for breath, "I'll, yes, I'll see about that."

"All right, Mr. Forgron. It is for you to say what you will do. I want you to think fast, while I sing again:"

"Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

The preacher kept time with the words of his hymn, and showered blow after blow with the palm of his hand over Ned's face and eyes, taking the pride and vanity out of him at a wonderful rate, and at last the boasting monarch of the rural village cried out:

"I'll, I'll try; yes, I will."

"Thank God," said Mr. Nobleworth, "you are doing finely, I shall make a man out of you yet. And now you must promise me you will destroy your infidel books, and read the Bible, and with the help of the Lord, commence and live a different life."

Here Ned's pride rose again. "Must I burn my books," said the infidel scoffer.

"Do as you think best, as to that, Mr. Forgron. I want you to read the Bible and become a good man, and an honor to the place and the inhabitants where you live."

"Give me time and I will think about that. They are valuable books to me."

"Well," said the preacher, "think fast, and may the Lord help you while I sing:

"When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine."

Mr. Forgron well knew what was coming next; and cried out, "hold up, I will, they shall all go to the flames; only give me time."

"That is grand," said the preacher; "I will make a decent man out of you yet; and now, Mr. Forgron, I want you to come and hear me preach to-morrow."

"How can I do that, when I hate the Methodist as I do?"

"You may think more of them, and they may think better of you. But do as you may think best, while I sing a few lines of a more familiar hymn:

"O how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey
And have laid up their treasure above."

"My God, help me to do right, and teach me what to say, before I am pounded to death."

"Say you will come, like a man," said the minister.

"How can I do that? What will my neighbors say when they hear that Ned Forgron has been over to the Vine Creek school house to hear the new minister preach?"

"It is for your benefit that I ask this. I want your neighbors to see that you are determined to reform and become a better man. And now make up your mind as to what you will do while I sing:"

"Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.
That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine,
I received through the blood of the Lamb."

The preacher grew more fervent in his musical

devotion, and Ned finding that the accompaniment kept pace with the music, soon came to terms and decided the matter:

"Yes, I will come, that is, if I am able to get there."

"That is all I can ask," said the preacher. "You may be somewhat sore and lame, and a little disfigured in your countenance, but that will soon wear off. You had better come; if you remain at home your neighbors will come in to see you and you will have to explain. If you come to Church the people will attribute your appearance to some good cause. And now, Mr. Forgron, I will let you up. Go down to the brook and wash your face and dust your clothes, and keep your secret, and I will keep mine. That will be the best thing for you and me. I have no pride to gratify, and you need have no mortification."

As Mr. Nobleworth mounted his horse, he gave his hand to Mr. Forgron, "Keep your promises, and all things will work for your good, and may be the means of your eternal salvation. I shall look for you to-morrow. Good night, and may the Lord help you in doing right."

As the minister passed out of sight, poor Ned sat down to reflect. "What would the people say if they knew that Ned Forgron had been whipped by a Methodist minister, before his own blacksmith

shop?" During the night his meditations continued somewhat unpleasant; but when he awoke in the morning he remembered his promise, and after breakfast quietly mounted his horse and started for the Church with a full determination to commence a different life. From that eventful moment a remarkable change came over this wicked man, who had been the dread and terror of all his neighbors. It was soon reported that the blacksmith had been over to the Vine Creek School House to hear the new minister, and that he had burned all of his infidel books; but no one had the slightest knowledge of what had occurred between Ned and the Circuit rider.

Mr. Forgron soon after attended a camp meeting in Greenbrier, the adjoining Circuit, and on Sunday morning, after the close of the sermon, while the congregation united in singing the familiar words, "O, how happy are they who their Saviour obey," Mr. Forgron obtained the blessing. At the experience meeting he revealed the secret of his conversion, and appealed to Mr. Nobleworth as his spiritual father, who was on the stand, crying and shouting. As Ned closed his narrative, Mr. Nobleworth arose and said, "All his story as to myself is true, every word of it; and, my brethren, I do really believe I did pound the grace of God into his infidel soul." Mr. Forgron, for many years was a zealous

and successful Methodist minister in the Kanawha Valley, in Western Virginia, where he lived and died, and James Nobleworth was a member of the Ohio Conference for many years, and at last emigrated to Iowa, where he spent the remainder of his days, and has entered his reward on high.

Many of the early Methodist preachers were men of stalwart frames and as remarkable for their courage and powers of endurance, as for their intellectual and religious excellence. James Gilruth was one of these strong men, and any one who ever knew or heard of him, must have some knowledge of events in his history not unlike that described in the foregoing narration. I was once his colleague, and heard many things from him of this character, which he seldom repeated to others. This brother was a wonderful man in his early ministry, possessing singular strength, courage and perseverance, and any sinner who interfered with him or his ministry, at a camp meeting, or anywhere else, had failed to count the cost. This prompt action in defense of himself or of his right was shown in his admonition to the impertinent lawyer who, in defending an important case, had made sport of him as a witness, and ridiculed him as a Methodist minister; and finally asked him to state to the jury about how hard he supposed his client in the case had struck the plaintiff, Mr. Gilruth. Having obtained permission of the judge to show

the jury, he knocked the lawyer half way across the Court Room, and said it was something about like that. The reply appeared to be satisfactory to the judge and jury, if not to the lawyer.

CONVERSION OF A TRAVELING COMPANION.

On one of my missionary expeditions through the country on horsback, I fell in company with an Eastern Yankee, who was out prospecting. He was very much of a gentleman but a decided Atheist, a man of some forty or fifty years of age. After learning that he was a skeptical lawyer and he had learned my profession, he said there was more or less fanaticism in such a missionary life. As for himself he had found more rascality in his professional dealings with professors of religion than among infidels. Being a stranger I did not wish to disabuse his mind on this subject or incur his displeasure. We had passed the day as pleasantly as possible without meeting any white person, not even a hunter or trapper. Towards evening we came in sight of a log cabin standing in a forest of small timber, and as night was fast approaching, the question arose whether we should camp out or ask for entertainment for the night. My companion gave me the reigns of his horse and proposed examining the inmates of the house before deciding what we would do. He came out much excited and expressed

it as his opinion that we had come upon a den of thieves and robbers. He did not like their appearance, but suggested that I go in and see them. I could not see any good reason for apprehension and returned to inform my friend that I thought we were not in any special danger, and leaving now would create suspicion that we had money, and they could soon follow us. I said we had better make the best of our situation and trust in Providence.

The lawyer thought Providence would not protect us among theives, and asked me what I had to defend myself with should they make an attack upon us. "Nothing sir but my Bible." That is proof of what I said about the fanaticism of Christians. If we are allowed to remain I will feign myself sick and ask for the small room with the window, and we will sell our lives as dearly as possible —I have a revolver and two bowie knives and you can have one of them, and we will do our best to escape if necessary.

Having tied our horses to a tree and settled the preliminaries, we entered the house and were soon provided with corn bread and venison for supper. The time for retiring having arrived the request was made for the little room. As this was the sleeping place for the children we could not have it, but they would give us their bed and sleep upon the floor themselves. But my Yankee lawyer plead for the

little room which at last he obtained, and arrangements were made accordingly. As we were about to retire the old gentleman said he had come from Vermont and had been in this new country three years. When in Maryland he and his family made a profession of religion and belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they had brought their religion with them into this wilderness country and it was his practice to invite all strangers who stayed over night with them to remain until after prayers if they had no objections. This moved me to tears, and he enquired if I was a member of any Church. I told him I was a Methodist minister, and had come to the west as a missionary. He thanked God he had lived to see one more Methodist misister. He gave me the well worn family bible and asked me to read and pray. As I was about to close my prayer he said "now, Mother, you pray, then John you pray, then Sally you pray, and then I will pray, and we will have a prayer meeting." After retiring to our room I asked Mr. King who should stand guard first. He said "please say no more."

"Do you feel safe in this house to-night?"

"As much so," he replied, "as in my own house. I have no anxiety in regard to our safety."

I said no more and we slept comfortably through the night, and the next morning proceeded on our

journey. We had traveled for some time without any reference to the circumstances of the last night—my companion seeming to be in a deep study. At last he proposed to stop and let the horses feed upon the green grass. While waiting for them he opened his heart and acknowledged the excellence of Christianity and requested me to pray that he might be forgiven for his infidelity and unbelief, and I did as he requested. Before I parted with David King, who was on his way to Chicago, I believe God had soundly converted him, and I am sure he was made a happier and better man by falling in company with a pioneer Methodist minister, on his first visit through the wilderness from Rock Island to the St. Anthony Falls, and also in falling in company with an old fashioned Methodist pioneer family, who had brought their religion with them into this new country.

ONE OF PETER TUTTLE'S CONVERTS.

Mr. Micha Manuel's conversion at a Newlight protracted meeting may not be interesting to all my readers, still I am in hopes it may not prove fatal to the most devout or fastidious.

The experience of Uncle Micha Manuel is by no means a fable; it illustrates the early fruits of religious fanaticism, and is a very fair specimen of the ignorance and superstition of those who held to im-

mersion as a saving ordinance. On Sabbath morning Uncle Micha said to his wife he wanted his best suit of clothes and his old striped pants. "Why, father," said the old lady, "what in the world do you want your old clothes on Sunday morning." He stated that was none of her business. It was her duty to tell him where they could be found without asking so many foolish questions. Some of the children intimated that dad might be going somewhere to wash sheep, but their interference was soon dried up by a sharp reproof. Uncle Micha having arranged his costume, mounted the old gray mare and started for the protracted meeting up on Crab Run, under the ministry of Peter Tuttle, an aged Divine of foreign birth, and one among the most successful in getting his converts into the water. Uncle Micha returned home just as the family were about to partake of their evening repast. Seating himself at the table he commanded silence and due respect to what he was about to say.

"I want it distinctly understood I have on this Lord's day been immersed in Crab Run by the imposition of Peter Tuttle's hands, and it now becomes my imperative duty to say grace at the table, and if any one of you children dip your bread with your knife or fork into the sop or gravy before I finish, then I shall arise, and, in my proper place, knock the stuffing out of every one of you."

Supper having ended, some of the children had reached the cabin loft, and were arranging for the night. The candles being lighted and placed upon the table, Uncle Micha commanded all to come down out of the loft, as it was his duty as a consistent Christian to have family prayers. All having assembled and order being restored, Uncle Micha opened his large family Bible, and commenced reading, but not being accustomed to that kind of work, he started in as follows: Abraham begat Isaac, Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judas, and now becoming somewhat embarrassed, and not knowing where this begetting might end, catching his breath he paused and now added, "And God only knows when they quit. But it must be remembered that the Jews were a numerous people and very superstitious, and we should be thankful that it is not now as it was once. If a beggar came along, slap went his hide to cover the binnacle of a ship."

"No, father," said his wife, "you don't mean that. The Bible says: Badger skins to cover the tabernacle."

"I know that," said Uncle Micha, "but it must be remembered that the Bible was written by Martin Luther after he was converted, and he being an ignorant Dutchman, did not know the difference between beggar and badger. And now let us pray, and all

of you get down upon your knees, and if there is any whispering, laughing, or giggling, before I say amen, then all of you children will get a devil of a licking in the morning."

Prayers having ended, "you may now all go to bed, and have no more fears of being killed by thunder, as this house has now become a bethel to the Lord."

The next morning Uncle Micha was up bright and early attending to his chores and milking the cows. The old lady had prepared the breakfast, and was now waiting the return of her husband. At length he entered cursing and swearing, a hole in the knee of his pants, his wide-brimmed hat all mashed in and he well covered with mud and milk. Taking his place at the table, he commenced by saying:

"You may all go to eating, as there will be no more praying or blessings in this house until there is a better state of things. That devilish young heifer presumes too much on my piety, and I will let her know that there is a God in Israel if she don't do better."

That evening the boys were out with sharp pointed sticks, punching up the red heifer to see her kick, and when they returned to the house, said to their mother:

"If dad thinks of selling that red heifer don't you consent. As long as we can keep the devil in her we won't have any more of dad's awful religion."

Suffice it to say, there has been a great change and a grand improvement in society, as well as in the country, during the last half century. Mr. Manuel and his wife became active and useful members of the Church, his house and home a preaching place, his family highly respected, and he himself an intelligent member of the community, and for several years occupied the important position as magistrate and postmaster, and in after life quite a respectable exhorter, but was always more or less eccentric, being full of his Irish wit. On one occasion, a young minister, somewhat diffident, was called upon to ask a blessing. Holding his head near the table, and in a low tone went through the ceremony, and when he had finished, Mr. Manuel said:

"Jim, what's the matter of you? Are you sick?"

The young man said he was not.

"Well, my brother, the Lord may have heard what you said if he had been listening, but I could not."

CHAPTER XXIX.

RETURNING TO OHIO.

At the end of two years of missionary life among the Indians and others in the far West, I felt that I had remained about as long as duty required. We had buried our only precious child; my health was suffering, my wife was feeble, and she was dissatisfied with the hardships and deprivations which we had to endure. She had frequently been chased home by Indians and wild animals while wandering along the river bluffs gathering the small wild fruit to supply our scanty wants. All things considered, we concluded to close up our affairs and return to our former home among friends and relatives, in a land of plenty. We arrived at Akron, Ohio, the second week in August, 1837.

George Babcock, a relative of my wife, who was engaged in the mercantile business, made me a fine offer, and I now proposed to settle down in quiet life and enter into business with him. However, Providence often directs our path different from our well conceived plans, and directs our misguided steps into safer roads of usefulness.

Learning that a camp meeting was to be held in what is now Ashland county, the pleasure of meet-

ing the ministers and members of other days induced me to attend, and all my expectations were fully realized. Here I met my former Presiding Elder, Adam Poe, who signed my release from the Medina work, and gave me a recommendation to the ministry, membership and others in the far West. At this meeting I was cordially invited to unite with the new Conference which had been set off from the Ohio Conference during my absence in the West. Whether real or imaginary, the name of the old Ohio Conference had a special charm to me, and my associations with the ministers of that Conference had been pleasant and agreeable. Yet my early ministry in the Conference had been principally within the bounds of the new Conference, and I felt that the work of saving sinners and the reward would be the same wherever I labored.

My good brother Poe gave me the assurance that if I united with the Michigan Conference I should have his influence in the Cabinet, and that he would furnish me with a pleasant charge for myself and wife within the bounds of his District. I accordingly left my case in his hands; and at the Conference, held in the city of Detroit in 1837, I was assigned to the Mansfield Circuit, Richland Co., Ohio. My colleague was Elmor Yocum, an excellent brother, who, in after life, was transferred to the Wisconsin Conference, and for many years remained a very

useful and active minister in that Northwestern Territory.

The Mansfield charge consisted of some twelve appointments, all within the bounds of Richland County, Ohio, and was recognized as a half station. The pastors thus spent two weeks each month in the city, and two weeks in the rural part of the work. This proved to be one of the most successful years of all my previous itineracy. The revival influence in a remarkable manner pervaded the entire charge. But the great and noted outpouring of the Holy Spirit was at what was called the Taylor Meeting House, in the Cracraft neighborhood. This meeting lasted six weeks, myself preaching day and night with but little ministerial assistance. During this time there were seven hundred who professed to be converted, and five hundred and ninety-six united with the Church, and such was the wonderful manifestations of Divine power it was believed by many that the entire community would have been converted had my health and strength been such as to have continued the meeting. But being exposed to the cold night air, on going home from a heated Church, I was prostrated with a hemorrhage, and on the last Sabbath of the meeting I was conveyed on a bed to Ontario, and provided for in the excellent family of Brother S. Williams, who in after life moved to Little Rock, Arkansas.

I remained at Ontario for three weeks, until I could be removed to my own home in Mansfield, and perhaps would not have recovered but for the kindness of Dr. Jenner, of Ontario, who remained with me day and night until a favorable change took place. Dr. Genner and his wife had made a profession of religion, and united with the Church during this meeting; he said that as I had sacrificed my health for the good of that community he wonld sacrifice his time and means for my recovery. This excellent brother and his family moved to Crestline, where some of the family are still living.

Several of the young men who made a profession of religion during this meeting have filled important positions in life, and several became useful and prominent ministers, among whom were Shortis, Miller, Young, Owens, Mower, Cracraft and Lindsey. Abner Cracraft and Ebenezer Lindsey fell at their posts in the Maumee Valley, loved and respected by all who knew them. Charles B. Brandebury and Samuel Hagerman commenced their ministry this year, and their long and useful career is well known by the members of the Central Ohio Conference. The honored parents of Prof. Gaylord H. Hartupee, of the North Ohio Conference were among the number who joined the Church at this great revival, and such was their friendship for their pastor, that one of their sons, now a professional

man, bears his name, and to this day has some remembrance of the Bible I sent him as a namesake. This was the community in which William L. Harris spent many days of his early life, and his excellent Christian widowed mother was a member of this society at this rural Church. At the ensuing Conference we reported a membership of twelve hundred.

WOOSTER CIRCUIT.

At the Conference held at Tiffin in 1838, E. C. Gavitt and W L. Harris were assigned to the Wooster Circuit. My colleague had been recently received into the Michigan Conference at the session held in Detroit in 1837, and was now entering upon his early itineracy. He was a young man of more than ordinary promise, having a fine personal appearance, a firm constitution and popular ministerial ability, and fully qualified for the responsibilities of this large and laborious charge. This was a year of unusual prosperity, and hundreds were converted and united with the Church. Methodism received a favorable impulse in the city of Wooster. My associations with this excellent Christian brother were pleasant and agreeable, and during this year a strong and abiding attachment was formed between us, which was not diminished in any degree by the selection of his youthful companion, who still ac-

knowledges me as her spiritual father, being converted under my labors during the great revival at Dover Center. I have been personally associated with brother Harris in three different Conferences, and during my agency for the Ohio Wesleyan University, in which he was a Professor; and I am pleased to say that the members of the Central Ohio Conference, to which he virtually belongs, feel that they are honorably represented, and they rejoice in his success and prosperity, as one among the senior Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

NORTH OHIO CONFERENCE.

At the session of the North Ohio Conference held at Mansfield, Richland Co., Ohio, Sept. 17th, 1856, Bishop Ames presiding, this Conference was divided and the Delaware Conference constituted. In the arrangement and transfers, so as to accommodate the brethren, as far as possible in each of the Conferences, Bishop Ames requested Dr. Thomson, Prof. Harris and myself to meet him at his private room, as he wished to consult us as to our preferences. As they were connected with the Ohio Wesleyan University, and as I had been employed during the year in the sale of scholarships for the Female College of Delaware, and as we were not in the regular pastorate, we should have the right to say to which one of the Conferences we would pre-

fer to belong. The Bishop, however, proposed to President Thomson to remain in the North Ohio, and to Dr. Harris to go into the Delaware Conference. This he thought would be for the best, as the University would then be represented in both of the Conferences. These brethren having consented to this proposition, "Now, brother Gavitt," said the Bishop, "where will you go."

"Wherever you may think it best."

I was five years the Financial Agent of the Ohio Wesleyan University and the last year agent for the Wesleyan Female College, and now I would prefer some other kind of work.

Dr. Thomson said, "Brother Gavitt has been a faithful agent, and has given general satisfaction, and I would be pleased to have him remain in the North Ohio Conference."

Dr. Harris said, "I object to that; we have worked together for several years in the same Conference, and I want him to go with me and help build up the new Conference."

"Well," said Bishop Ames, "as he has left it for me to say, I shall grant your request, and it will not be long before you will have as fine a Conference as the one you have left."

We parted at a late hour, wishing each other abundant prosperity On the ensuing morning Prof. Harris and myself met at the Mansfield depot,

with our satchels in hand, ready for our new field of labor.

This year terminated my six years of agency. They had been years of labor, anxiety and care. My associations with the President and Faculty of the Ohio Wesleyan University were always pleasant and satisfactory, and my agency, in many respects, was a success, and must have been satisfactory, as the Board of Trustees asked for my continuance from year to year.

And now in conclusion, let me say, as an itinerant minister with but limited means, I have done my full share in building up an institution of learning second to none in Ohio, and I know of no one who did more at that early day, contributing in all about $1,000, and my prayer is that this institution of learning may continue to prosper in the future as in the past.

PRESIDING ELDER OF LIMA DISTRICT.

This was the commencement of my t hirteen years of Presiding Eldership in the Delaware and Central Ohio Conference. This appointment was quite unexpected to me at this early day of my ministry, and was not in the least desired by me at this Conference. During my agency all of my aspirations as to the Northwest, the Black Swamp and Paulding county had been fully gratified.

The morning before the appointments were to be read out, I went to Bishop Waugh, against the protests of my friends in the Cabinet, and requested a change, as I felt myself incompetent for the work. However, the Bishop declined to make the change, saying that he had much more hope of a brother who did not want the office than of one who sought it. He added that the Cabinet, his council and himself were satisfied with the appointment, and that if I had the ability to manage the agency of the Ohio Wesleyan University for five or six years, he thought I could manage the affairs of a District for at least one year, and he should expect a good report at the end of the year. I must say I was much disappointed in the warm and cordial reception of the ministerial brethren who had been assigned as my associates upon this District; and a grand and noble work did they accomplish during the year. The revival influence extended all over the charge, and hundreds were converted and added to the Church. Six ministers out of this number have since entered upon their reward, and there are but five now left in the effective pastorate. May we all at last meet where the labors of the itineracy will afford the greatest pleasure of all our earthly toils.

I now submit my Conference report as to the Missions within this District. This was the only written report required at that early day, all others

being a verbal statement as to the Pastors and their charges during the year. I trust this will not be altogether uninteresting to the reader, as it was of sufficient interest to be published in the Missionary Reports.

REPORT OF THE DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

Lima District, Delaware Conference, Rev. E. C. Gavitt Presiding Elder. This brother writes of the Mission in his charge, and we bespeak a reading of his report, as this will show something of former days and pioneer life:

Paulding Mission—There are two missionaries on this charge — Enoch G. Longsworth and John N Priddy. They have twenty-three appointments, which have to be filled every four weeks, and in making the rounds on the charge it requires the travel of about 250 miles.

This section of the country is but thinly inhabited, their congregations are small, and the membership few and far between. The most of their time however, is employed in preaching on week days and visiting and praying with the people. There are no meeting houses or parsonages on this work. The missionaries preach in school houses and private residences. There are some seven towns besides the County seat within the bounds of this charge, averaging from one to ten houses. The

County seat has about 100 inhabitants, and is well located, and some day will be a place of importance. In going and returning from my first quarterly meeting, a ride of 150 miles, I stopped in one of these towns to refresh myself, and there was but one house in the place. This was the home of a kind hearted brother by the name of Groober, who takes much pleasure in entertaining the pioneer ministers. This home reminded me of the boy's father, who had been promoted to many offices, such as Esquire, Magistrate and Justice of the Peace. This house answered for a store, tavern, postoffice, meeting house and family dwelling. Most of these towns are along the two canals, passing through this country, and it would be almost impossible in the Spring or Fall for the Missionaries to reach their appointments if it were not for toepaths along these thoroughfares. There are 162 members on this work and six Sabbath Schools, with about 100 Sabbath School children; also a few union schools, principally conducted by the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Brother Longsworth resides in a small village called Charlo, formerly the County seat of Paulding County. His excellent lady can make an old rickety store house look as much like a palace as the most refined artist. There is but one room in this temporary parsonage which answers for their parlor,

kitchen and sleeping room. They were kind enough to surrender their rights to Brother Priddy and myself and took lodgings for the night with one of their neighbors. This, however, was the only dwelling on the charge to be obtained, and this by the kindness of a personal friend. Brother Longsworth has a good constitution, preaches well, and appears to have his Master's work at heart.

Brother Priddy lives in Van Wert County on a farm which he had commenced improving before he entered the ministry, and which his excellent companion superintends during his absence, and his small salary furnishes them a limited support. This brother is one of our *large* preachers, at least, that is what the people say, in every respect. However, his being somewhat corpulent makes it inconvenient for his horse in passing through swamps and swails. He is a noble man, an able minister, and a successful pastor, untiring in all his efforts to win souls to Christ. The country being new and the inhabitants in limited circumstances, money matters are not very encouraging; however, should the winter and spring prove favorable for hunting and trapping, money will be more plentiful, as this country abounds in wild game. The principal product consists in staves, hoop poles, furs and wild game. Racoon, bear, deer, and wolf skins are in great demand, and in fact, furs of all kinds. A mink

skin will bring $5, and such is the demand for fur to ornament the ladies' dresses, there is scarcely a skunk, weasel or an oppossum left in all the land.

AN INCIDENT OF MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

As new as this country is, there is a disposition to maintain the laws of the State. On my return from the place of my quarterly meeting, which was held at Antwerp, near the Indiana State line, and between this place and Delphos, traveling on the tow path of the Wabash Canal, I met two men with a prisoner. He was mounted on a mule, his legs tied with a rope and his hands connected with some kind of steel or iron ornament. The sheriff and another man were paying much attention to him for some cause. One was leading his mule and the other was walking behind him with a loaded revolver in his hand. I had a slight sensation of pleasure, considering at least I was safe in this neck of woods from one cut-throat or scoundrel, and as it was raining I passed on without inquiring into the merits of the case. Having traveled a few miles in this direction, I met a beggar, in a dense forest, with a gun on his shoulder, who said he was from Cincinnati on his way to Michigan to see his widowed mother who was at the point of death. He said he never had a father, but was anxious to see his mother before she died, and he was out of money. If he had a few

dollars he could go it rain or shine. Poor fellow, I had no faith in what he said, but gave him all he asked for, and some more, and was thankful to get rid of him on such easy terms.

I am not a stranger to a missionarys life, having spent the early part of my ministry in this noble work. From what I could see and learn of these brethren, nothing but the love of Christ and the worth of souls could constrain them to enter upon this self-sacrificing work, as missionaries in this new section of the country.

REPORT OF DELPHOS MISSION.

There are now in this place about 800 inhabitants. Of this number, I learn one half or more are German Roman Catholics. They have a large Church edifice which they have for years been building. To accomplish this, they have brought their tithes and offerings and laid them down at the priest's feet, and this building, which is now finished, and has the appearance of a large flouring mill more than anything else is the general rendezvous for all the Romanists in this section of the country. They now have a fine Church.

In consequence of some unfortunate circumstances, Protestantism has not been as prosperous as its friends could have wished. I understand that the Presbyterians and Baptists formerly had regular

preaching in this place, but being without a Church edifice they have in a measure become discouraged, and are now as sheep without a shepherd. May the Lord in his good time send them useful and efficient pastors. The Methodist Episcopal Church must have shared the same fate had it not been for the influence of Brothers Petit and Martin, two local preachers, and a few others, whom God in his providence enabled to build a comfortable house of worship at a time when their influence and temporal circumstances were not by any means as favorable as at present. How important it is for the prosperity and perpetuity of any Church to have a comfortably house for Divine worship. It not only contributes to the prosperity of that society but also to the temporal interest of the place and gives character and influence to any community.

Rev. Isaac Newton is the missionary on this charge. He has a good officiary, pleasant Church, and a medium fair congregation, with a membership of some forty-five, and a Sabbath school consisting of about twenty children. This good brother has taken to himself a wife this year, and one well qualified for the itineracy, having the missionary spirit of going from house to house and doing good among the poor as well as the rich. There being no parsonage in this place, a gentleman, I understand not a member of our Church, has given

them the use of a very comfortable house. The ladies of the place have furnished them with a fine carpet and many other good things in their new enterprise in keeping house. Brother Newton and his wife have already made a good impression on the inhabitants of Delphos, and I have no fears but that the mission will be well sustained. I have spent several of my rest days in this place in company with this brother, in visiting the membership and preaching, and the prospects at this time are favorable for a gracious revival of religion; and my prayer is that the Church may more than realize their anticipations.

MYSTERIOUS CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL AND A YORK STATE YANKEE.

A circumstance which occurred in the early part of my ministry in Spencer township, Medina County, in 1834, and will somewhat illustrate the peculiarity of early Methodism. In this neighborhood lived a man by the name of Lewis, who had been noted for his infidelity and opposition to Christianity. Rev. H. O. Sheldon learning of this fact, visited him and made a proposition that if he would pray every night before he retired "God be merciful to me a sinner," for four weeks and was not convented during that time he would give him his gold watch.

Mr. Lewis consented to do so, and called his wife

to witness the contract. "Now," said Lewis, "there is no fooling in this matter. I shall demand the watch when you return, and you must not attempt to deny the contract or I shall publish you and your deception." "Have no fears; be as good as your word and I will meet all my obligations."

Mr. Lewis continued his prayer for a few days, but soon regretted what he had done. He thought seriously it would only add fuel to his infidelity, and if there was a God it was a wonder He had not cut him down in his blasphemy. His distress of mind became almost unbearable, and he resolved to try the merits of his prayer in earnest. Retiring to his log barn, he plead with God to have mercy and forgive him for the crime he had committed in selling his future and eternal happiness for a watch. He continued his prayer until a late hour, and at last God accepted his petition and spoke peace to his troubled soul.

The next morning he mounted his horse and started for Medina to find Brother Sheldon, who was to be at that place on the Sabbath. When he arrived he found this eccentric minister. Mr. Sheldon[1] said "You must be in a hurry. The four weeks have not expired." Mr. Lewis replied, "I am not after your watch, but have come to tell you that God for Christ's sake has converted me, and the joy is so great that I have come that you might praise God

with me for my deliverance." Sheldon took Lewis to his arms, and an old-fashioned shout ensued and a general time of rejoicing.

My appointment in the neighborhood where Mr. Lewis lived was on Sabbath. A land speculator from York State, named Hall, who had arrived the Saturday before, had put up with Mr. Lewis, and on Sabbath requested Lewis to accompany him in finding his land, to which Lewis objected, stating he had seen the day when he had but little respect for the sanctity, of God's holy day, but that was past, and now invited the York State Yankee to attend church with him. He declined, stating he had but little respect for the Methodist Church or their ministry; they were an ignoraut sect, and very superstition and fanatical. The ministers carried some kind of powder which they cast over their congregations at a proper time to make them jump, shout, fall, and get the jerks, which sometimes proved fatal. Mr. Lewis stated that he had heard of such things before, but considered it more imagination than reality; and no such manifestations ever occurred in their neighborhood. He informed Mr. Hall that the young minister who was to preach was a mild, pleasant speaker, and destitute of anything like fanaticism, and he had no hesitancy in saying he would not be in any danger. Confiding in what Mr. Lewis had said, he consented to attend. I took for my

text, "Receive the Holy Ghost," Acts VIII. chapter and 15th verse. It was not long before an elderly lady in whom all had confidence commenced shouting, and soon lost her strength and lay prostrate on the floor with the jerks. Soon the religious excitement was intense, and past my control. Some were shouting, others falling, and sinners crying aloud for mercy. The New York Yankee became alarmed and started to run for the door, but fell prostrate, crying, "Help me! O do save me!" Mr. Lewis went to his assistance. The congregation was dismissed, and I now went to give some attention to my strange hearer. I relieved the mind of Mr. Lewis by stating there was no danger, and it might be the means of his eternal salvation. The few who remained continued singing and praying, and toward evening consciousness was restored and Mr. Hall was able soon after to accompany us to Mr. Lewis' house. During family worship he experienced religion, and in his reserved manner stated he hoped God had converted him. In the morning, as I was preparing to leave for my next appointment, I stated that as he would be likely to return East before my next appointment, I would like to know his feelings on the subject of religion. He said that it was a strange experience. He had found his Saviour, if not his land, which was worth more to him than all the land in Ohio, and he hoped God would help him to re-

main faithful. "Your experience," I said, "has been much like St. Paul's. God has opened your eyes and relieved you of your prejudice against Methodism and what you supposed was Methodist powder. Should God call you to preach as he did the great apostle, I hope you will not disregard his voice." This was the first manifestation of the kind which had occurred under my ministry during this Conference year, but was no new thing to me in the manifestation of Divine power at that early day.

CHANGES IN CHURCH ECONOMY.

During the last half century many changes have taken place in the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which will be seen in the general perusal of this work. It shows that Methodism is progressive and is subject to every improvement in its temporal economy which may be considered for the best. The doctrines of the Church, as set forth in the Discipline, will probably remain the same.

There is one change in our economy to which I wish to refer as a very great improvement. It was proposed by myself, as a member of the General Conference held at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1860; and if any one will refer to the Journal of that Conference he will find on page 159 the following:

On motion of Elnathan C. Gavitt, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Committee on Revisals be instructed to take into consideration the propriety of inserting in the Discipline a form for the dedication of meeting houses; and also a form for receiving probationers into full membership.

And with a slight change, the present Ritual was received and endorsed by the Revising Committee, as it is now incorporated in the Discipline and in general use by the ministry and the membership of the Church.

EMBARRASSMENTS.

In the early part of my ministry I suffered much from timidity, and found it to be a great task to preach before a large and intelligent congration, and especially before the Presiding Elder, considering them as something more than the common rank and file. On one occasion, being called upon to preach before David Young, whose stern and piercing eye could scan a young man from head to foot, such were my feelings and my mortification as to my sermon, as soon as I had closed I went down out of the pulpit, and stretched myself out on a bench, closed my eyes and tried to die. A good old lady, where the Elder was stopping, being well pleased with the sermon, was honest enough to say in his presence: "If that young man remains faithful, and

has health, and will dress a little plainer, the day will be when he will make a Presiding Elder.

This pride and timidity and want of confidence embarrassed me for years. The first year after I had entered Conference, having preached at night in a rural village, I was so much displeased with my effort that the next morning before daylight I started for home, a distance of some 100 miles. I had got well underway when I overtook a member of the Church on his way to Wooster with a load of cheese. He hailed me and wished to know where I was going. I said my call had run out, and I was bound for home in Licking county. He ordered me to return back as soon as possible, saying that "the school mistress was convicted last night under your sermon, and when they returned home, he had invited a few members and they continued to pray for her until midnight; and they were to send for you in the morning."

"Well, Brother Parsons," said I, "if any one has been distressed by that sermon more than myself, I will put back and help them out if possible."

The first year I was appointed to a District, in attending my first quarterly meeting, I was introduced to a Presbyterian clergyman, a man of more than ordinary size, and quite corpulent. He had resigned his charge and was now searching for another location, as his parishioners had preferred a

change. Being introduced to Mr. Reed as the Presiding Elder, he appeared somewhat surprised, saying that he supposed the Methodists selected the largest men in the Conference for that office. My friend who had introduced me appeared to hesitate as to a reply. I said to the brother, "It was somewhat so at an early day, but of late years there had been a change. They now look at a man's brains, and not so much at the size of his abdomen." The good brother being somewhat embarrassed, passed on. Being aware however, that the sentiment expressed by this good brother is somewhat common, and may be seen in the selection of political and military men, I have been led to examine this subject with some degree of interest, for the purpose of ascertaining from history and otherwise who were among the small men, and to what distinction they have ever attained. I find on examination that character and talents may arrive to eminence from the cottage as well as from the mansion, and that moral or religious superiority does not always depend upod flesh and blood or man's personal appearance. For instance, Canute, the Great, was a small man, Nelson was small, Conde was little, Hildebrand, and Gregory VII. were extremely small, and it is said he the latter was the mightiest man among the Popes. Napoleon, the military chieftain, was small of stature. Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was a

profound theologian, but was a little wirey Englishman. Among men of letters, poets and philosophers, Montague, the essayist, was small; so was Pope a little crooked specimen of humanity. Still he immortalized his name by his prose and verse. Dryden was small; and Scarron, in alluding to his ill-health, considered himself as a pocket edition of humanity. St. Paul says he was less than the least of all the saints, and yet not a whit behind the best of the Apostles, and now Dr. Watts comes to the front, whose poetry is sung in every land and upon every sea, and in vindication of his own person and of all other small men, he announces the sentiment which is now universally acknowledged by common consent, "Its the mind that makes the man."

However, as time passed on, and as I labored to make my calling and election sure, others had a better opinion of my ministry than I had myself. A few specimens, such as I have clipped from periodicals, must suffice, which have been published through sympathy or otherwise.

"Yesterday, being the regular quarterly meeting day at the Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Gavitt, the Presiding Elder, delivered the morning sermon. You may talk of your Beechers, your Chapins, or your Spurgeons, but for a genuine appeal to the heart and consciences of the people, I never heard anything to excel the sermon of Elder Gavitt. You

may think I know nothing of these great preachers but I do know of them, and I know that Elder Gavitt held his large audience spell bound. Call it an evidence of weakness or what you may please, but it is no less a fact, that at least nine-tenths of the congregation were moved to tears more than once during his remarks. I am informed the Methodist Church in this place has 110 communicants, 75 of whom communed yesterday. V V., Feb. 1870."

This was from the pen of a man of no ordinary ability, a professional man of many years standing, not a member of any church. His wife a member of the Presbyterian Church, being a lover of music, he was on this occasion assisting the choir.

"Yesterday was a gala day for Methodism here, it being the occasion of the dedication of the M. E. Church, the services being conducted by Rev. E. C. Gavitt. The programme was as follows. First, Lesson and hymn, by E. C. Gavitt. Second, Scripture lesson, by Rev. H. A. Brown, Third, Scripture lesson, by Rev. H. Chapman. The congregation then joined in singing the 237th hymn, and were led in prayer by Rev. J. L. Scott. Next came the sermon by Rev. E. C. Gavitt, Isaiah liii, 11, "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." The sermon was one of Elder Gavitt's happiest efforts. It has been my privilege to hear this man of God blow the Gospel trumpet nearly a score of

years ago, and one would naturally suppose that labors abundant and the lapse of time would have diminished that zeal and power of eloquence with which he was wont, in younger days to hold his audiences enchanted in admiration and move them to tears or holy exultation. As he stood before that congregation that crowded the beautiful temple to overflowing, and portrayed the triumphs of the Redeemer's Kingdom over every opposing power, and its universal glories reign through the ordinary instrumentalities employed by the Church until the Heavens above us shall shrivel as a scroll and this universe is wrapped in its funeral flames, I could but think he had renewed his youth as the eagle; for I could not see that his force had in the least become abated. He held his audience spell bound for about fifty minutes, and I doubt whether Beecher, or Spurgeon even, would have made a deeper impression, or succeeded better in getting into the hearts or the pockets of the people. When it was announced that there was an indebtedness of $310.32 on the Church, which it was desirable to have liquidated before the dedicatory services, it was soon obtained, and the Church freed from all indebtedness.

"GRAPHO, July 20, 1870."

This was from the pen of as fine a student and preacher as there was on the district, a man of more

than ordinary advantages. Previous to his entering the ministry, he was a school teacher, and the surveyor of the County in which he lived; and was no aspirant for honors or position.

ELDER GAVITT.

"The address of this good and venerable man at the late celebration of the Pioneers of the Maumee Valley at Defiance, abounded in instruction, intermingled with the richest veins of humor. The Elder has passed the vigor of his life, which was one of great sacrifice, among Ohio Indians and other Western tribes. He was ever faithful to Indian interests as to their temporal and spiritual welfare. He has survived all his coadjutors of the olden times. His personal appearance does not indicate the number of years of the faithful toil of this venerable man in his missionary labors. His early ministry was in the Northwest and in the Maumee Valley. Considering his age and his slender personal appearance, he has but few superiors. His address on this occasion was so full of wit and elocution, that the large audience was perfectly delighted, and frequently applauded him."

This compliment was from the editor of a popular paper. Editors are an independent class of men, and publish what they think best, without fee or request. However, I am pleased to know I have

friends who may appreciate my labors regardless of all my imperfections of youth or riper years.

CONCLUSION.

My ministry has been a checkered one, made up of sunshine and of shade. I have had some pleasures, as well as hardships; some honors, as well as toil.

The early part of my itineracy was on missions, circuits, and stations, amidst prosperity and adversity. Six years of my life were spent as the agent of the University and Female College, at Delaware; thirteen years on Districts as Presiding Elder and a member of the General Conference; four years a member of the Western Book Committee at Cincinnati and Chicago; six years as Conference Agent; and I am still in the effective ministry, and have been ever since 1828. I have preached over 8,000 sermons, and have a large amount of them on hand written in full, but have never taken one of them into the pulpit, or a single line, unless it was on some special occasion. I have received over ten thousand into the Church, by letter and otherwise; have married 979 couples, and have traveled on horseback a sufficient number of miles to go round this world and back.

I have had about all the common diseases of a Northern latitude, the cholera twice, and was given

up the first time to die, by the physician; and at last I wound up with the small pox in 1863. All the benefit I derived financially from this fearful disease, which lasted thirty-six days, was while attending my first quarterly meeting at Upper Sanduskey. The conductor of the train passed by before I had time to hand him the fare, not admiring my looks or giving me time to explain the blue spots upon my face, although I had a new suit of clothes, a new skin, and new nails coming out on my hands and feet, but not hair enough on the top of my cranium to have given him a single lock as a memento of my health and prosperity. As fearful as this misfortune appeared at first, the disease proved a great temporal blessing to me as a quietus to all other diseases, and the building up of a new system; and to-day I have better health in every respect than in former years. I can appreciate the feelings of Job under the like trial, and with him can say, my last days have been more prosperous than the first. There is but one distinction between his case and myself, and that is in regard to his wife. It must have been very trying to his feelings when she desired him to curse God and die, hoping she might better her condition in her second marriage.

During my ministry I have given to the Church of my choice over $5,000 in various ways. I have

helped all my children, and still hope in the Providence of a kind God, I have enough left to take me through the remainder of my days. And now as my itineracy has wound up and my Conference labors are about closed, in looking back upon the past, had I my life to live over, I cannot see where I could have improved it. I have maintained my Christian standing in the Church ever since I was a child; I have never brought a reproach on any Conference to which I have belonged, and never was my Conference relation arrested but once, and that was on account of my fashionable dress. Promising to appear the next year with a round breasted coat, according to the requirements of the Conference, my character passed and I was ordained. I appeared the next year with my round-breasted coat, but being small of my age and my coat being short at both ends, and being a little too much of a good thing, I was excused from wearing it; and at this Conference all law on the subject of ministerial dress was rescinded, and ever since Methodist Ministers have had the privilege of wearing coats and hats to suit themselves. But they are still somewhat indebted to me and my round breasted coat, made by Father Roadabaugh, of North Amherst, Ohio, which cost me just two dollars.

Since my connection with Conference I have never refused to go to my appointments but once;

and that was at the Findlay Conference in 1849. I had traveled two years on the Chesterville Circuit, and had the promise from my Presiding Elder of going upon the Frederick work, which would have been a short move. When my appointment was read out, I was assigned to Nashville, Holmes Co., Ohio. On my way home, I had about made up my mind to quit the itineracy, and seek a place somewhere else. When I arrived at home, my wife, who was standing at the door, said to me:

"And where do we go this year?"

"I propose to remain a while where we are," said I.

"Wouldn't the Bishop give you any appointment?" she asked.

"Not much of a one."

"Where can it be. Have they sent you as a missionary to China?"

"Not quite, but the next thing to that."

"Do tell me where it is?"

"It is on the Nashville Circuit, away up in Holmes County."

"Why do you refuse to go there; are there no sinners in that County that should be saved?"

"I am tired of this moving, and long for rest."

"When I married you," she said, "I knew what I was doing. I was marrying a Methodist minister who had promised to go where he was sent, and if you will not go to that charge, I will. And if they

will receive me, I will preach for them this year."

"Well, if you are determined to do so, then," said I, "you will have to help yourself. I am tired of this packing up and moving."

She went across the road and hired Brother Shaffer, who had a six horse team and a large Pennsylvania wagon in which he used to haul goods over the mountains. Putting all on board, wife and children in front, and tying the old cow behind with a long rope to lead, they now set out for Nashville.

As they were ascending the hill, I mounted my horse and halloed, "hold on; I say, hold on; and I will go too." Like the case of Joseph, if the Elder intended it for evil, the Lord meant it for good; as this proved to be one among the most successful years of my ministry, and prepared the way next year for my agency, and the education of my children at the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Female College at Delaware.

I am now inclined to believe, and have been ever since, that the Lord has more to do in making out the appointments in the Cabinet than the ministers at this present day are disposed to give him credit for.

Often have I seen that precious wife, so faithful and true to the Church, while in the far West chased by Indians, as she would go out along the bluffs to gather the small wild fruit to supply our scanty

wants, and once by the wolves, until she fainted in my arms. And yet during her last sickness, she said to her pastor, who was speaking of the labors and hardships of the itineracy, "With all the trials and deprivations connected with the ministry, I would prefer my sons being Methodist ministers, than Presidents of the United States. Then I should have some hopes of meeting them in Heaven." Thanks be to Brothers Waters, Belt and Wallace, for the encouragement given to Halsey, my son, to abandon his profession and at once yield to his convictions of duty and enter the ministry. And when my head lies low in death, may he fill my place, and be as true to God and the interests of the Church as I have been in the past.

And now permit me to say a few words to my brethren in the Conference and I will close:

It will not be long before the older members of this Conference will have passed away, as our Brother Gurley and others have who were with us in the past. I am glad that God in his Providence has raised up such a noble class of young men to to take our places. Do not forget your high and holy calling, and, as the Apostle has said, "Take heed therefore, unto yourselves, and all the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made you the overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood."

A minister occupies one of the highest, and one among the most responsible positions which God in his Providence has seen fit to vouchsafe to man. He occupies not the place of the orator, philosopher, or the statesman. He comes commissioned from the throne of God, on the errand of mercy, as an ambassador for Jesus Christ, beseeching the sinner in Christ's stead to become reconciled to God. What then, can the most skillful actor gain. He may allure the gay and thoughtless to the house of mirth. The lawyer may have gained the cause of his client; he may have saved a fortune or extended human life. The statesman, with his powers of elocution may hold the listening thousands in death-like silence, while he speaks of the rights and the privileges of his country; but the most that can be said is that upon him depends, in some measure, our moral, civil, and religious institutions. But, Oh, how much more important is the work of the ministry. The preacher pleads not for a fortune. It is not the temporal destinies of a Nation that are suspended upon the powers of his mind. He pleads for souls; souls that are of more value than ten thousand worlds like this; souls for whom Christ has died, and upon his ministry their future, and their eternal destiny, in a great measure depend.

Never was there a day since the commencement of my ministry, when infidelity and skepticism of

all shapes and of all kinds, has made a bolder attack upon the Church of Christ than at the present. But thanks be to God, Christianity still lives, and is destined to live, and will reign and triumph until the kingdom of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ.

The Sun of righteousness is not to rise upon a few Nations only, but to spread his brilliancy over all the earth. The demons of superstition shall sink into darkness of despair, while the Valley of the Shadow of Death shall be illuminated with the luster of immortality; ignorance shall be exchanged for information, and a great number shall join in the song of praise, for the arm of the Lord shall be made bare, and all the ends of earth are to see the salvation of our God.

Let me ask what has done the one hundredth part that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has done during the last half century, in ameliorating the condition of the Jews, in abolishing the slave trade, and restoring to injured Africa the rights of man, in enlightening the ignorant, liberating the captive, reforming the disobedient and in bringing salvation to the believer? Christianity, taking the command of God for her warrant, rises like the morning sun in his glory, and has sent forth her healing streams to the most remote corners of the earth. She has sent her bible, tract, missionary, Sabbath schools,

temperance societies, and spread the bread and the water of life over all lands. She has sent her messengers of mercy to the long neglected heathen, and has accompained them with her prayers and with her tears. She has kindled a fire in the cottage of the poor, and has spread her blanket and her mantle over their shivering limbs, by day and by night. She has given her sons to the sword and her daughters to the flames, that her enemies might be convinced as to the truth of her love. And thank God, her divine author has tasted death for every man.

Christianity has borne every test that Satanic malevolence or human depravity could invent against it. Infidelity and Atheism have said, "away with your ministry, down with your Churches, and burn your Bibles, and let this world be governed by reason and philosophy." Who has ever seen the "grand and noble triumphs of philosophy?" We have seen and heard of the triumphs of Christianity. But what great moral reform has ever been accomplished by philosophy? What shore has she ever visited? What dim eye has she ever brightened, or what idol has she ever dashed from its pedestal, or what funeral pyre has she ever extinguished? No, it is not philosophy that is to reform this world. It is Christianity and the preaching of the gospel. And what has infidelity or Atheism ever done to amelio-

rate the condition of society? What has it ever done to soften the dying couch, or to illume the pathway to the grave? Not anything. It closes up every avenue to immortality or eternal life, and inscribes upon the tomb, Death is an eternal sleep. But thanks be to God, Christianity still lives, and furnishes to the dying saint a hope of heaven, and a life of immortality beyond the grave.

We can say in the language of God's holy word the more they have strove against it the more it has multiplied and grown. The little leaven is fast leavening the whole lump, and that stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands is fast filling the whole world, and while we acknowledge God's word as the inspired Oracles, let us say in the fullness of our hearts, roll on, roll on, O, thou Immortal God, roll on the victories of thy Cross until Etheopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and the islands of the sea shall clap their hands and rejoice together.

Waft, waft ye winds the story,
And you ye waters roll.
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.

SUPPLEMENT.

Ministers now living who helped to constitute the Delaware Conference, at Lima, Ohio, in 1856, Bishop Waugh presiding, and William L. Harris, Secretary:

Delaware District—Henry E. Pilcher, Alexander Nelson, Amos Wilson, Stephen Fant, Lemuel Herbert, James A. Kellam, Benjamin Herbert, Richard Lawrence, Aaron J. Lyon, Joseph Good, Joshua M. Longfellow, William L. Harris, William G. Williams, Samuel Lynch.

Sidney District—Simeon H. Alderman, Oliver Kenedy, Loring C. Webster, Andrew J. Frisby, Reuben D. Oldfield, Stephen D. Shaffer, John Bower, David Bull, Samuel M. Allen, James W. Fribley, William S. Lewis, Moses B. Hibbert, N. B. C. Love.

Lima District—Elnathan C. Gavitt, Joseph Wykes, John K. Ford, Isaac Newton, John Graham, Jason Wilcox, William W. Winter, Samuel Boggs, Harrison Maltbie, Enoch G. Longsworth.

Findlay District—Wesley J. Wells, Gershom Lease, Jacob Fegtley, Thomas J. Monnett, Charles G. Ferris, John A. Shannon, William H. Taylor, Benjamin B. Powell, Charles W Ketcham, Francis Plumb, Lorenzo D. Rogers.

Toledo District—David Gray, Joseph Ayers, George W. Collier, Henry Warner, Martin Perky, Samuel S. Roberts, Ambrose Hollington.

Transferred from the Delaware Conference to the North Ohio Conference in 1856—Lewis M. Pounds, Uriah Richards, John W Thompson, Thompson F. Hildreth, William Gardner, Oliver Webster, Samuel Mower, Lorenzo Warner.

Mansfield French, transferred to the Cincinnati Conference.
John H. Powers, transferred to the Iowa Conference.

In 1860 the name of Delaware was changed to that of Central Ohio Conference. Since 1860 the Conference has increased in membership. The mortality has been large and seriously felt, but with all there is at this time a membership of 180, most of whom are young men of promise; and the Central Ohio Conference has a very fair sprinkling of Doctors of Divinity, and others waiting their turn. And may a kind Providence continue to smile upon the ministry and membership of this Conference, and its future prosperity be as in the past and much more abundant.

Honored dead of the Delaware and now Central Ohio Conference, with a few others of the North Ohio Conference. Names of the dead, when they died and where buried:

Rev. Josiah Adams, October 14, 1866, Edgerton, Ohio; Rev. Horatio S. Bradley, February 2, 1881, Springfield, Ohio; Rev. William Boggs, June 7, 1869, Cardington, Ohio; Rev. William A. Baker, August 25, 1862, Lima, Ohio; Rev. John Brice, April 2, 1857, Van Wert, Ohio; Rev. George W Breckenridge, February 26, 1869, Norwalk, Ohio; Rev. Richard Biggs, July 18, 1880, Findlay, Ohio; Rev. Jacob A. Brown, January 26, 1879, Delaware, Ohio; Rev. Thomas Barkdull, January 4, 1869, Shelby, Ohio; Rev. Jacob T. Caples, July 25, 1860, Fostoria, Ohio; Rev. Henry M. Close, April 25, 1881, Pioneer, Ohio; Rev. Lemon T. Clarke, December 1, 1878, Mercer, Ohio; Rev. Harvey Camp, August 28, 1882, Brooklyn, New York; Rev. Abel M. Corey, October 4, 1875, Fostoria, Ohio; Rev. Alexander Cook, January 11, 1870, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Rev. Park S.

Donelson, May 6, 1882, Dexter, Michigan; Rev William B. Disbro, September 26, 1865, Berea, Ohio; Rev. Derrick P. Darling, August 10, 1860, Shawnee, Ohio; Rev. Elam Day, February 26, 1864, Pendleton, Ohio; Rev. James S. DeLeal, March 24, 1872, Kingsley Chapel, Ohio; Rev. Leonard B. Gurley, March 26, 1880, Delaware, Ohio; Rev. Patrick G. Goode, October 7, 1862, Sidney, Ohio; Rev. George P Grayham, August 3, 1876, Berea, Ohio; Rev. Jacob M. Holmes, September 23, 1879, Indianolia, Iowa; Rev. Noah Hough, February 19, 1874, Marysville, Ohio; Rev. Leonard Hill, April 13, 1869, Fremont, Ohio; Rev. Felding L. Harper, January 22, 1866, Bowling Green, Ohio; Rev. John S. Kalb, November 17, 1879, Radnor, Ohio; Rev. William S. Lunt, April 24, 1879, Fostoria Ohio; Rev. Ebenezer Lindsley, September 4, 1857, Napoleon, Ohio; Rev. James M. Morrow, February 12, 1864, Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Franklin Merriott, May 3, 1883, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. George W Miller, August 10, 1872, Pioneer, Ohio; Rev. David W. Ocker, July 21, 1855, unknown; Rev. William J. Peck, March 29, 1866, Kenton, Ohio; Rev. John N. Priddy, April 25, 1861, Van Wert, Ohio; Rev. Thomas Parker, February 12, 1864, Marion, Ohio; Rev. Abraham B. Poe, May 11, 1865, Fostoria, Ohio; Rev. Valorous Pond, April 23, 1883, Bateman, Ohio; Rev. John H. Power, January 26, 1873, Burlington, Iowa; Rev. Duglas D. G. Reagh, February 2, 1875, Huntsville, Ohio; Rev. Elnathan Rayman, July 21, 1874, Mount Vernon, Ohio; Rev. Henry O. Sheldon, December 31, 1882, Berea, Ohio; Rev. Hiram M. Shaffer, December 29, 1871, Delaware, Ohio; Rev. Aaron J. Stubbs, June 14, 1865, Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Henry L. Spindler, October 6, 1878, Hicksville, Ohio; Rev. John Sterling, April 2, 1863, Plum Run, Ohio; Rev. William B. Scannell, April 11, 1856, Napoleon, Ohio; Rev. Thomas Thompson, March 14, 1884, Republic, Ohio; Rev. Barton A. Webster, August 22, 1866; Van Wert, Ohio; Rev. Lorenzo Warner, April 12, 1876, Delaware, Ohio; Rev. Edward Williams, August 10, 1882, Lima, Ohio; Rev. Thomas

H. Wilson, March 26, 1883, Kenton, Ohio; Rev. Philip Wareham, February 15, 1883, Plymouth, Indiana.

Honored dead ministers' wives, members of the Delaware and now Central Ohio Conference, with a few others of precious memory of the North Ohio Conference. Their names, when they died and where they are buried:

Florence, wife of Rev. Edward A. Berry, July 3, 1876, Lima, Ohio; Paulina, wife of Rev. Jesse Carr, August 13, 1881, Fayette, Ohio; Leonoria C., wife of Rev. Daniel Carter, November 26, 1880, Oakdale, Ohio; Jane W., wife of Rev. Ira Chase, December 13, 1882, Delaware, Ohio; Mary J., wife of Rev. William Deal, April 30, 1880, Elida, Ohio; Jane L., wife of Rev. James DeLeal, September 11, 1881, Kingsley, Ohio; Sophia J., wife of Rev. Elnathan C. Gavitt, May 9, 1869, Delaware, Ohio; Neoma H., wife of Rev. David Gray, April 3, 1876, Findlay, Ohio; Elizabeth, wife of Rev. John S. Kalb, August 26, 1882, Radnor, Ohio; Catherine, wife of Rev. James Long, November 5, 1874, Weston, Ohio; Olive A., wife of Rev. Aaron J. Lyon, May 9, 1877, Cardington, Ohio; Emma M., wife of Rev. Oscar E. Moore, November 30, 1874, Whorton, Ohio; Emily J., wife of Rev. Harrison Maltbie, January 18, 1880, Lima, Ohio; Mary A., wife of Rev. John Omeroad, March 18, 1874, Mt. Hermon, Ohio; Emma O., wife of Rev. Voloras Pond, April 5, 1875, Bateman, Ohio; Frances H., wife of Rev. Parker P. Pope, April 8, 1880, Findlay, Ohio; M. L., wife of Rev. Grenbery H. Priddy, November 8, 1874, Van Wert, Ohio; Elizzia, wife of Rev. John Parlette, February 7, 1879, Bellemore, Ohio; Mary B., wife of Rev. Thomas J. Pope, August 13, 1874, West Bedford, Ohio; Ella, wife of Rev. Thaddeus C. Read, September 24, 1874, Delaware, Ohio; Henrietta, wife of Rev. Janes S. G. Reeder, July 19, 1878, Rock Port, Ohio; Margarette B., wife of Rev. Hiram M. Shaffer, September 5, 1861, Delaware, Ohio;

Belle F., wife of Rev. William R. Seaman, June 27, 1882, Patterson, Ohio; Sarah W., wife of Rev. Tracey L. Waite, March 8, 1884, Berea, Ohio; Mary A., wife of Prof. William G. Williams, February 5 1872, Delaware, Ohio; Sarah, wife of Rev. Thomas H. Wilson, August 26 1877, Kenton, Ohio; Polly A., wife of Rev. Henry E. Pilcher, February 10, 1860, Delaware, Ohio; Mariah L. and Annie, the wives of our honored Bishop, Edward Thomson, D. D., LL.D., now deceased—Mariah died December 21, 1865; Annie, July 28, 1877. The Bishop and his two companions were buried in Delaware, Ohio.

OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

WITH HONORED RESPECT.

Mr. Clayton W Everett, Esq., of Toledo, Ohio, informs me that his grandfather, Mr. Samuel Everett, was one of the company who assisted in surveying the original tract of land purchased by the Licking Company in 1804, on which the town of Granville, in Licking county, Ohio, is located, and this was the place of his nativity and early associations.

EARLY EVENT.

The first white child baptized in Northwestern Ohio was by the author at a camp-meeting held on the island between Maumee City and Waterville, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gleason: and Miss Elizabeth Gleason is now the wife of Hon. G. Zigler, of Fremont, Ohio.

LAKESIDE.

This beautiful location on the margin of Lake Erie was established by the author in company with a well-known member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who purchased the site.

It matters not how many have since contributed to the success of this summer resort for social and

religious purposes. It is said that Solomon built the Temple: but he never done the work. And if there is any credit or merit in this noble enterprise it belongs to E. C. Gavitt and the honorable patriarch of Marble Head, Father Clement, regardless of the honest opinion of others notwithstanding, and this consecrated field of the woods, adorned and beautified by skillful hands and made vocal by the songs of praise and the shouts of the redeemed, was once the happy home and hunting ground of the Delaware Indians. So stated by Mr. Winslow in his Church history, speaking of this peninsula and the Moravian missionaries and their work among the North American Indians.